



A Yankee born at Nahant on July 5, 1902, HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR., was educated at Middlesex School and at Harvard. He began as a journalist in the Washington bureau and then on the editorial staff of the New York Herald Tribune. After two terms in the General Court of Massachusetts, he was the only Republican to replace a Democrat in the U.S. Senate in 1936, defeating ex-Mayor Curley by a plurality of 142,000. He was re-elected in 1942; went to Africa in the first detachment of American Tanks with the British Eighth Army; then resigned his Senate seat to serve in Italy, Southern France, and Germany. He was elected to the Senate for the third time in 1946, where his record stamps him as one of the strongest younger men in the party.

MODERNIZE THE G.O.P.

Specifications for a Republican Program

by HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

THE American political party, whether it be Republican or Democratic, is not an end in itself; it is significant only as a part of our two-party system. I believe the continuance of this system is absolutely essential to the United States, and that the system is in danger only when one party appears to be losing its hold. There is talk today of the realignment of the American parties, and in this talk the Republicans are too often labeled as conservatives and reactionaries. Some of them want to be, as is evidenced by the following letter published in the *Wall Street Journal* after the 1948 election:—

“We have in this country two major political parties whose philosophies of government are becoming more and more identical with each succeeding campaign. . . . If the two-party system is to remain virile and effective, the Republican party must . . . return to a position of unmistakable conservatism, dedicating itself to a determination not to compromise with New Dealism.”

This opinion, in my view, is anchored to a dead past. It expresses a philosophy with which the overwhelming mass of Republicans disagree. It denies the spirit which gave birth to the Republican Party, and if this opinion prevails it will condemn the party to certain defeat.

We must have a program which is obviously good for the country, a program which can be stated in specific terms and which will put us back on a competitive basis with the Democrats. Such a program does not mean “me-too”; neither does it mean mere negation. Instead of scolding the darkness, let us light a lamp.

I propose to confine this article to a domestic program and shall begin with taxes—always a sensitive subject in March.

Taxes

We should inaugurate a form of tax reduction which will encourage the growth of new economic activity and will therefore, in the larger sense, be most advantageous to the government finances.

SPECIFICATIONS

1. Republicans should support a change in the law relative to the taxation of corporations doing a business of less than one million dollars so that they could file their returns as a partnership. Practically all the activities of venture capital start as small businesses. This would provide a powerful lift to the little man with a bright idea who is fundamentally the source of new jobs and new wealth.

2. Penetrating analysis—on a more purposeful

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and optimistic basis than has ever been undertaken before — should be given to the revision of our tax laws so as to reward those businesses which lower prices, increase production, stabilize employment, and keep their people at work even though they are old. A method should be worked out to ease the taxes on young people who are starting new business ventures. There has been a defeatist attitude about this type of incentive taxation — as distinguished from punitive taxation — which should cease.

Civil Rights

To be true to our traditions we should embark on a realistic civil-rights program. This is a field in which the Democrats will always be weak, faltering, apologetic, and divided. It is a field in which we can be vigorous, effective, and bold. We can no longer tolerate the idea of having second-class citizens in this country, and the Republican Party must be the party to bring this truth home. To do so would be in the clearest possible Republican tradition. We were born as the antislavery party and the party of civil rights at the time of the Civil War, and it would be foolish and grossly negligent for us not to seize this issue again.

SPECIFICATIONS

In our legislation for civil rights we Republicans should work to: —

1. Eliminate the poll tax as a prerequisite to voting for Federal officials.
2. Make lynching a Federal offense.
3. Extend the right of equal opportunity to work and to advance in life to all citizens, irrespective of race, religion, color, or country of origin.
4. Insist on administrative action which would end racial segregation in the armed services as rapidly as possible.
5. Eliminate segregation in housing projects or in educational aid projects which are financed by the Federal government. In both these fields the present administration opposed legislation which would have effectively blocked such discrimination.

These are moderate demands which are essentially public and civic. They do not impinge on private life. They are the minimum to keep modern government in harmony with the statement in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal," and with the mandate of the Constitution "to establish justice."

Social Legislation

In the field of social legislation we must not try to outbid the Democrats, who, let it be noted, have not achieved satisfactory results despite all their talk and eighteen years in office. There are unquestionably problems in housing, health, agriculture, and social security. We must accept the challenge of producing the best solution.

The men who fought in World War II have been impressed by the fact that, when war broke out, the government took off its coat, rolled up its sleeves, and proceeded to do whatever needed to be done regardless of the conventional theories about too much government. Many of the veterans reason today, therefore, that if government was such a useful servant in time of war, it had better be equally useful in time of peace.

This statement is all right as far as it goes. But it is not complete without stating that the reason for our great performance in World War II was the competitive system, which in peace had developed incomparable efficiency enabling it to produce wartime munitions at an accelerated pace. Even if we admit the premise that we must use the power of government whenever it can be used efficiently, we must never carry it to the point where we destroy the free system which is the source of peacetime prosperity, the trump card of our national defense, and the foundation of political liberty.

We need to draw a line between what is good and bad in the field of social legislation.

Republicans should approach such legislation believing that the American competitive economic system is the greatest possible producer of material welfare but that, excellent though it be, it is not perfect. There are some chinks which it does not fill. If nothing is done about filling those chinks, discontent will grow until it endangers the whole system. I, therefore, favor social legislation to fill in the chinks, both as a matter of decency and humanity and in order to maintain enthusiasm for the competitive system.

This is a very different type of social welfare program from that which the Democratic Party has undertaken. The difference between the two parties would be as broad as the difference between what is wasteful and what is well managed, between what is controlled locally by public-spirited citizens or controlled centrally by political bureaucrats, between something which really serves the people and something which appears to serve the people but in effect aggrandizes the state. There are two aspects of social legislation which come close to the heart of every family: health and security for old age.

Health

Here is an issue which the Republicans must meet in such a way that the sick will receive good medical care without lowering the standards of the medical profession, without depriving the patient of the choice of his doctor, and without creating a system which is so overwhelmed by goldbrickers and malingerers that the really sick cannot get proper attention. The specific problem, of course, is to ease the financial burden of medical care for the individual citizen who is neither a millionaire nor a charity case.

The Administration would approach this problem by putting the doctor into a compulsory system and so forcing the community to run the risk of socializing the medical profession. This is dangerous. We can obtain the desired results if in our program we aim for these objectives: —

SPECIFICATIONS

1. Take action which will increase the number of high-quality young doctors; with inducements so that they will practice in places where they are most needed.

2. Lower the cost of the hospital bill (such an important item in medical expenditures!) by using public funds for hospital construction and for the maintenance of such hospital services as the care of the indigent on welfare rolls; the education of residents, interns, and nurses; accident rooms; ambulances — services which are now often rendered at much less than cost.

3. Provide free diagnostic clinics, including X-ray service, so as to catch the disease before it gets established.

4. Furnish periodic health examinations for all school children.

5. Provide expensive medicines and appliances free of charge.

6. Provide funds for research and experimentation in the field of voluntary health insurance. We need to determine the utmost possibilities of such private insurance schemes as Blue Cross and Blue Shield. Extensive study should particularly be given to schemes such as that suggested in the Ives-Javits bill, which is a clearly superior approach to that of the Administration. Sixty-one million people are already covered by voluntary insurance and the number is growing. Private schemes have a much lower overhead than that which would exist if the government were to operate them: in them the individual would receive more for his money. People who have chronic heart disease or other ills which are not insurable by orthodox insurance methods would be cared for by issuing to them Blue Cross or Blue Shield cards, entitling them to exactly the same benefits as regular subscribers to Blue Cross and Blue Shield.

These proposals are not only radically different from that which the Administration is sponsoring: they are more sound and truly generous. We should work out procedures along these lines and then the amount of dollars to be appropriated for these purposes would be separately decided in the light of the need and of the state of the budget.

Old Age

Never before have we had so many vigorous old people in this country. Many of them are well and could be productive; none of them want to be a burden on their children. The fact that people live longer than they used to has resulted in a large

group tragically described in the phrase “too old to work and too young to die.” To react to this fact by saying that men over 45 are too old for industry — as some have done — is clearly inhuman and absurd. The majority party, judged by actual legislation, does not meet the issue broadly.

SPECIFICATIONS

1. The Republican Party should insist that the government increase the coverage and amount of old-age and survivors' insurance. The bill which passed the House at the first session of the Eighty-first Congress does not go far enough. We have the word of the Secretary of Labor that today “social security gives an old couple only \$41.” This is obviously far too low to support even a frugal living standard in our cities where the cost of living for a couple is estimated at from \$120 to \$150 per month. It actually compels about one tenth of all persons receiving old-age insurance benefits to get public assistance as well — to which, of course, they have never contributed. It constrains many persons to stay at work when they are not really fit to do so, thus defeating a prime purpose of old-age security. I propose an increase to be financed if necessary by raising the payroll tax by not more than one per cent, so that an old couple would receive an average benefit of between \$90 and \$100 instead of the average of \$40 in the present law and of \$80 in the House bill. This change could give a couple who were credited with an average monthly wage of \$300 a benefit of about \$150.

2. We should also insist on making the coverage as broad as possible, particularly so as to cover the more than six million farmers and farm workers who today are ineligible for social security benefits. This should result in a more intelligent and truly constructive type of farm legislation and should ease public assistance costs in rural areas where they are highest. I contend that the wider the coverage the better for the country.

3. Every individual should be entitled to tax exemptions up to a stated portion of his income for the purpose of investing in a bona fide annuity plan. This would encourage both individuals and employers to provide for supplementary pensions or annuities, chiefly through tax concessions. This is a point which is not covered by the House bill. Our tax system should be revamped so as to give corporations a wider latitude in the framing of pension plans to suit their particular needs.

4. The House bill does not sufficiently liberalize the eligibility requirements for the aged. If relief costs are to go down in the future, the eligibility requirements for old-age insurance should be reduced along the lines suggested by the Advisory Council of the Senate Finance Committee to the Eightieth Congress. Under the House bill, a man 65 years of age would have to work a minimum of five years before he could retire. Only workers

aged 69 or over could retire in less than five years. Yet these are the very people who will keep relief costs up because their earning power is so low. The Advisory Council suggested that persons aged 62 or over be qualified for benefits after one and a half years of coverage and contributions, thus shortening the time they are on relief. Such a provision would be a vast improvement over the Administration bill and would really — and not merely hopefully — help to decrease relief costs in the near future.

These changes are defensible on humanitarian grounds; they would also promote economy in government — Federal, state, and local.

Private Responsibility

The arrangements regarding old-age pensions which were agreed to last November by Steel are all but one on a noncontributory basis, which means that the worker has no personal rights in his pension.

The worker loses his pension if he moves away from his job. This is obviously bad for the worker, bad for business, unsatisfactory for the community, and a potential danger in case of war, when workers would be wanted for transfer to defense industries. Moreover, the agreement by the large industries to pay direct pensions outside of the social security system naturally creates a demand to have small businesses do the same thing, and many small businesses simply cannot afford to do so. Clearly, the progress of the pension movement should not become one more discouragement and one more obstacle to the prosperity of small business. On the other hand, pension benefits received from the government-operated social security fund are on a contributory basis. Worker contributions along with the contributions of industry have built up this fund on a share and share alike basis. The recipient has a vested right in his pension and carries that right with him even when he changes his job.

The agreements that were reached with the big steel companies provided that industry should underwrite a guaranteed pension payment of \$100 per month on the understanding that whatever amount the government provided out of social security payments would be deducted from the amount which industry has to pay. To the extent, therefore, that government social security payments are increased, the burden of industry is reduced.

This is not in conflict with the idea that the more that industry, working through labor and management, assists in developing the security of the citizen, the better. Industries which, for example, can progress toward an annual wage to their employees, or industries which will agree to keep their older employees on the job, are perhaps the most powerful forces working toward the enhancement of our private competitive economy. The more our private enterprise carries the load, the

less the demand on the state and the more we enhance the private enterprise system. Wider coverage and larger amounts under social security make the citizen more mobile; his potential for production is increased. Under a system based on a contribution *by the worker*, taken out of his own production, the result actually is that private enterprise bears a larger share of the cost even though the payments are made in the name of the government. The worker too is, in the most literal and truthful sense of the word, "private enterprise."

SPECIFICATION

Republicans should start legislation which would, all other things being equal, give preference, so far as government contracts are concerned, to industries which guarantee an annual wage to their employees. This will be an effective denial to the rather helpless reaction of the majority party that the only solution to all problems is the indefinite extension of government.

These recommendations taken together would mean a much reduced burden of old-age assistance (or relief) locally, which cost 250 million dollars more in 1949 than in 1948. There would be a consequent reduction in local and state taxation, since social security would be financed out of earnings. Instead of throwing people on charity, either private or public, when they were old, we would now ensure that they would have a modicum of existence as a matter of right.

Writing in the *New York Times* for December 26, 1949, A. H. Raskin said that "one out of every four Americans past the age of 65 is currently on relief and the cost of assistance is running nearly nine times as high as it did in 1936." This is clearly not the best way to handle this problem.

We Republicans should say to the voter: We offer you social legislation without socialism, a welfare society without a welfare state; we offer you a self-executing, self-liquidating plan. We think the desire for security is normal and human and good, in war and in peace, and that we can have it without red tape, without bureaucracy, without governmental stupidity, without sacrifice of opportunity, and without loss of personal liberty. We Americans have done harder things than that in our history.

The Farmer

Problems of the farm involve another type of social legislation, and, to be fair, the majority party must be judged by its latest agricultural bill, which became law on October 31, 1949. This bill will not promote the best long-range interests of either the producer or the consumer because it is not soundly based on the premise that the farm must be related to human food, which is produced either directly for human consumption or indirectly

as feed for animals. Without such a relationship the consumer is taxed twice — once when he pays his Federal tax, and again when he buys his food. This current agricultural act is also bad for the producer because obviously he cannot have the prosperity to which he is entitled without the existence of a prosperous market. It appears all too likely that this farm law, with its rigid price-support provisions, will have the end result of increasing agricultural surpluses which may rot before they can be eaten. It will add more speculative elements to the whole structure of agricultural economics and, by inflating the price of animal feed, will increase the cost of raising cattle so much that the average consumer will be even less able to buy meat, dairy products, and eggs than he is now. As this is written, complaints are arriving in Washington from farmers confirming the worst fears of those who opposed the Administration's farm law. They charge that the so-called big "factory farms," raising speculative crops, are subsidized by Washington but that the small family farm, raising food for people to eat, is out in the cold.

Surely, this is not the only approach to the farm problem. The Republicans should, here too, offer a program which is radically different, sounder, and in the end more generous. We should say that the farm must be related to food; that we think of agriculture not in terms of Henry Wallace's "ever normal granary," but in terms of the "ever normal refrigerator"; that we think of the farm as a place which grows the things that people put in their refrigerators because they are the things which are good to eat — milk, cream, butter, cheese, eggs, lamb, pork, and steak. No bill has passed Congress in the lifetime of anyone reading this article which has done anything to make steak more plentiful or cheaper for the consumer, or to make the production of steak more attractive to the farmer.

SPECIFICATIONS

1. A first step would be legislation ending the discrimination against the family-type farmer who raises hogs, poultry, and cattle — human food; discrimination which is in the present law. We cannot end the system abruptly, but we can and should eliminate its flagrant defects and move gradually towards the new objective of farm-for-food.

2. Legislation giving automatic protection against the kind of market collapses which ruin food producers could inaugurate this farm-food relationship and be of immense benefit to producers and consumers alike. But Congress must not only start thinking of the farm in terms of food; the parliamentary alliances between food and fiber growers must also cease. Were such an approach made, the voter would be given the choice between a system which piles up unwieldy surpluses, wastes the consumer's substance, and defrauds the farmer; and one which, on the other hand, being soundly

based on the mutuality of interest of the farmer and the consumer, produces a better diet for the American people and a richer market for the farmer. There must indeed be no pitchfork stuck in the back of the farmer — or the consumer. The solution I propose sticks no pitchfork in anybody's back.

3. Congress, as I have argued, should extend social security to cover farmers.

4. Help should be extended to the farmer to assist him in the procurement of capital equipment, and it would be sound policy to extend direct aid for maintenance and improvement of the quality of the soil.

5. Republicans should subscribe to the idea that a good agricultural program must be designed primarily to protect those who need protection when they need it; not those who do not need it. Above all, it must protect the national economy. If anyone is going to be favored by this type of social legislation, it is the small farmer — not only for his benefit but for the good of the whole.

6. Out of our surpluses we must see that food will get to those consumers who particularly need it, through school lunches and food stamp programs.

7. New uses for farm products such as those being developed through chemurgy should be encouraged.

All these procedures and objectives would in time put farm legislation on a new, sounder, and eventually more economical basis than exists today. The size of appropriations would have to be determined in the light of the need and the state of the budget each year.

Labor

Here Republicans should favor specific and prompt corrections of those clearly proven defects of the Taft-Hartley Law which are causing immediate hardships and inequities. For example, a labor leader came to me the other day and said that in certain parts of the watch industry, new assembly-line procedures are currently eliminating the jobs of certain craftsmen. But, because of a quirk in the law, the union cannot use strike action for the retention of these men on one of the new assembly-line jobs should such action be deemed necessary by the union. Correction of such manifest imperfections may perhaps incur the displeasure both of those who wish to retain Taft-Hartley without change and of those who are satisfied with nothing short of total repeal.

In fact the watch worker's problem may seem to be a minor matter, of consequence only to the watch worker. But the solution of his problem by specific legislation opens a way for intelligent legislative treatment of the whole labor problem.

Up to now this has been dealt with by the "omnibus" approach, which forces a vote on a single legislative package, containing many and

divergent legislative proposals, some good, some bad, and labeled "all or nothing." This has resulted in the rank and file of labor and the public becoming the unhappy victims of extremists in the Democratic Party, in the Republican Party, in management, and in the labor movement. The watch worker's problem is also important because it illustrates how a group of working men can be compelled to wait unnecessarily, perhaps for a whole year, before "omnibus" legislation can be finally agreed to — pending which, their particular and essentially simple problem cannot be solved. They therefore symbolize the many other groups who for no good reason are suffering from an "all or nothing" political approach to labor legislation. (Let it also be emphasized that the vital interests of the rank and file of labor are not nowadays exclusively centered in laws affecting unions, but are strongly affected by all things which pertain to economic security.)

SPECIFICATIONS

1. Republicans, accordingly, should favor a bill removing the present legal prohibition against negotiations on matters in which technological changes are involved so that the situation in the watch industry described above will be subject to the same type of labor action as applies in industry as a whole.

2. To the best of my judgment there are at least two dozen other specific defects, many of which would be corrected by Congress if they could be brought up in individual — not "omnibus" — bills. These should be acted on quickly and new defects should be corrected as fast as they come to light.

3. The rank and file of labor would also be directly benefited by specifications previously described in this article which aim to improve the worker's diet, foster his health, make secure his old age, and which, by stimulating progress toward guaranteed annual wages, would stabilize his employment.

These then are a few specifications for a modern Republicanism. There are necessarily omissions, such as conservation, military affairs, and foreign policy, all of which may become issues between the parties, but have not yet done so. The specifications proposed in this paper are neither negative nor imitative and I believe that, regardless of party fortunes, they are good for the United States. With them, of course, goes the vital duty of the minority to act as a check on the majority by constant scrutiny and investigation.

Underlying the entire program is the urgent need for a balanced budget and its corollary, a stable currency. A dollar of constant value has always been necessary to the successful transaction of business; to the millions receiving checks from the government the constancy of the dollar is a matter of

economic life and death. Republicans should work faithfully and enthusiastically towards making possible a balanced budget by a definite date, following a dependable timetable. This would be based in part on putting into effect measures of the type recommended by the Hoover Commission for the elimination of overlapping and duplication in the government — a job which we should be able to do better than the Democrats because we have no political machine to protect. It would be achieved in part by the tapering off of Marshall Plan and similar expenses which has already been announced and virtually accepted by both parties.

No man can say that this program alone will elect a Republican administration. Such an achievement may well be beyond the power of any program. Also, the full Presidential program comes with the national convention in June of 1952. Success at that time will depend on the candidate and his traits as much as it will on a program. Success also depends on the extent of the desire to "throw out" those in power. Luck and the irresistible forces of circumstances also play a part.

When we consider the Democratic reaction to this program, we come up against the predictions of many seasoned Washington journalists that there will be no legislation of consequence at this session of Congress and that it is part of the "smart politics" strategy which is currently dominating national affairs not to legislate, but to keep all the glittering legislative goals intact so that the party in power will reap a harvest of votes at the 1950 election in anticipation of favors to come. Those who remember the vigorous efforts of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt to get Congress to act will note this difference and, perhaps, wonder at it. Clearly, the lack of constructive achievement in 1949 in such fields as civil rights, agriculture, and public health lends color to this journalistic opinion, however much we may deplore it.

If these observers are right, an issue arises between the parties which is in addition to the challenge which these clear and constructive specifications propose. The strategy of "smart politics" paints a picture of an Administration making a cynical offer of political bait and thus raises the naked issue of sincerity, of responsibility, of achievement. This is an issue on which many a political campaign has been won in the past. But Republicans should not depend on Administration shortcomings for success. We must press our own program — bold, different, practical, and constructive. Inspired by the beginnings of the Republican Party in the fight for human rights, we should press this program. We should do so because we believe that it will create a political climate in which the strength and self-reliance of the individual human being will grow and flourish. On this ground we will gain the victory because we deserve to win.



The college graduates and the young intellectuals of China are faced today with some terribly difficult decisions. No one knows this better than NORA WALN, the author of The House of Exile and Reaching for the Stars, who has been living and writing in the Orient for the past two years. This is the third Atlantic article drawn from her actual experiences, and for obvious reasons she was careful to disguise the identity of An-kuo, that young Chinese scholar who for a time took refuge in Japan.

YOUNG CHINA AT THE CROSSROADS

by NORA WALN

I

THERE was a rap at my door. "May I come in?" asked a familiar young voice speaking Chinese. "Please do," I answered.

He was looking thinner every visit. For over a year now An-kuo had shared a self-imposed task with three student friends, monitoring Chinese broadcasts; and at the same time had kept up in his studies, in the Japanese college where his family had sent him to major in metallurgy. He put a paper on my table. Before I looked at it, I made tea and filled a plate with Chinese delicacies which Mrs. Wu of Yokohama had brought me that morning.

"I'm not hungry," he protested, but when I put the tray near him he sipped tea and selected a small cake saying, "These are my favorites."

"They are made by your own mother's recipe. I gave it to Mrs. Wu in exchange for the recipe for these with fruit in them."

"Mrs. Wu is a good cook. I wish I were boarding with her." (His grandfather had arranged for him to live in the home of a Japanese merchant so as to get on quickly with the language which he needs for his studies.) "I do not like Japanese cooking."

"Is everything going well at college?" Eighteen months earlier his mother had sent me a letter asking me to look after him as much as I could. His letters home to Nanking had been unhappy.

"Book learning takes too much of my time." Suddenly he was impatient. He touched the paper he had brought me. "Will you read this?"

Beginning to read without much interest, I was soon alert. This is what I read under the heading *Harbin Secret Agreement Concerning Manchuria*. "(1) Russia will give Chinese Communists full support in military and foreign affairs. (2) Chinese Communists and Russia will carry out economic coöperation in Manchuria. (3) Chinese Communists recognize Russia's special rights of communication, including mastery of the air, military and

civil. (4) Russia will provide and maintain fifty good aircraft for the use of Chinese Communists.

"(5) Russia will turn over to Chinese Communists weapons taken from the Japanese Army. (6) Russia will sell Chinese Communists munitions. (7) Russia will permit Chinese Communists to retreat into Russian territory through North Korea in the event of any drastic change in the Manchurian situation. (8) Russia will give assistance, unopenly at first, in the event of an enemy attack on Manchuria. (9) Russia will permit Chinese Communists to have air force training centers in Mongolia and North Korea.

"(10) Chinese Communists will hereafter furnish Russia with all intelligence on Asian matters as well as information about the United States. (11) Chinese Communists will supply Russia with cotton, soya beans, and other essentials produced in Manchuria, as required; but Chinese Communists can withhold what is needed for their own use. (12) Russia will support growth of Chinese Communist influence in Sinkiang. (13) Chinese Communists will make available the Sino-Korean border area in Antung, the border area in Liaoning, and the triangle in Kirin for stationing North Korean troops and will permit the peaceful annexation of these three areas to North Korea at an appropriate time."

When I had read thus far I noticed how tired my guest was and I persuaded him to stretch out on the couch while I read on. His eyes were too bright, his face pale. The next page was titled *Moscow Agreement*. "(1) Chinese Communists will permit Russia to assist in prospecting for metals and allow joint mining ventures. A commercial trading company will be formed with Sino-Russian capital. Russia has the right to keep troops in Manchuria and Sinkiang. (2) In the event of war, Chinese Communists will fight for and with Russia.

Russia will appoint the Supreme Commander. Chinese Communists will appoint the Deputy Commander.

"(3) Russia will help Chinese Communists build an air force, which air force will be a combined Sino-Russian force for the universal protection of Asia. (4) Russia acknowledges China's unique historical role as the middle land in Asia and agrees to the expansion of the Chinese Communist Party Organization through a Cominform placed in China for the purpose of winning and uniting Asia. (5) In the event of hostilities breaking out in Europe, Chinese Communists will send to Europe one hundred thousand soldiers and a labor force of one million to assist Russia with military operations. (6) Russia will equip and train eleven divisions of Chinese Communists in readiness for any world emergency."

An-kuo did not sleep. When I finished reading and looked at him, his dark gaze was on me and he spoke. "I must go back. Chinese Communists are selling us to Russia. Students have moral responsibility. I came to say good-bye."

He stood up — small, frail, and tense — staring toward things in his homeland. "They have arrested Angus Ward. I knew him when I was a child. He never beat a servant. He is kind and good. He loves China. I was visiting my aunt up north in summer. He took me by the hand and we went into his house and I met his animals. He is so gentle he could understand their languages. He is a big man, strong in character. He never beat anyone. It's only a weak, frightened person who hits another." An-kuo was walking back and forth.

"Please sit down," said I. "I know Angus Ward. He is a good man, wise and strong. Trust him to do the best it's possible to do."

"Did you know his animals?"

"Yes. I liked most Blanche, a hen. She used to talk to him." As I spoke An-kuo's face lit up.

"Mr. Ward did not train his animals — they just had confidence and so talked with him — perhaps he will know how to reach the hearts of his jailers. Communism could be right but it's wrong — it's wrong because its tool is hate. Communism should have love. Hatred and fear are twins. Fear destroys intelligence." My young guest's words were kindled by faith. "We Chinese must teach the Russians."

He sat down, his hands clasped together, and I asked him, "Where did you get this information you gave me to read? Was it given on the radio?"

"It wasn't broadcast." His tone was the polite voice that youth in Asia use to their elders when they find us stupid. "I was given it by a Chinese merchant resident in Japan — a member of the Chinese Overseas Association who has a chain of arrangements by which he is able to get accurate information."

"Perhaps this isn't true," I tried to comfort. "We have to wait to see how things turn out in China."

"I didn't come to discuss the truth of these copies of agreements made secretly at Harbin and Moscow." His manner was stiff and then he smiled. "Mother asked you to mother me. I could not disappear without letting you know."

"Your family want you out of China for a while."

"They are afraid of some of the intelligent boys and girls of our house. We might be bothersome at home. So they have scattered us. I was put in Japan, where educators from the United States have remodeled the teaching and brought scientific knowledge up to date. I am to return and help make steel."

"You are in an excellent school, doing well."

"My cousins have been sent to colleges in Switzerland, Scotland, and Norway. Our parents chose countries where there is not much luxury so that we will not get extravagant ideas. We are to work hard and come back with wisdom to help develop our land's natural resources. Our family have become acutely conscious of the want and misery in Asia. They are ashamed of it in China. In our home, every growing child has to learn about Gandhi. Our parents do not want us to enter the Chinese Communist Party yet, but they do not want us to oppose the Communists. We are to be quiet and study — far from home." He was tapping on my table with his fingers.

"Your parents think into the future."

"Before 1911, my kin were coöperating with Sun Yat-sen. Later they gave ardent support to the rise of the Kuomintang and then after some years they washed their hands of the party of Chiang Kai-shek. They give us three reasons. The first is that he put on too tall a hat. He neglected to study the history of China. He forgot that in our country the people are the government, the ruler an agent only. Repeatedly he contended, 'I am the government.'"

We were both silent, I remembering the high hopes in China when the Kuomintang was a young party.

"Secondly, he did not make a true effort against the Japanese invasion. And thirdly, the leaders of the Kuomintang betrayed China by their love of riches for themselves — deposited in banks in North and South America, invested in far places," he went on. "Our family have not hindered the advance of the Communist Party. Several of the leaders are long known to us. Grandfather has probably pledged his help. Two of my uncles belong to the Party. They were at Yen-an. I was born into an optimistic group. They hope for good in every change. They look for good but they are cautious, so they keep us away."

An-kuo asked for my address book and I gave

it to him. He wanted to check my list of students in Japan from the mainland of Asia with his own. I had some new names which he copied and he wrote some he had for me. The radio monitors circulate their information to Asian students reaching out wider than just their own nationality. An-kuo had tried many times to get official records and failed to find them. Some who are in Japan as students have not registered at their diplomatic missions or their Overseas Associations. I learned soon after I arrived, in September of 1947, not to ask people from the mainland of Asia or any of the Pacific islands when or how they came, if I wanted them to be friendly.

It's the same with the merchants as with the students. The Chinese Overseas Association reckons that there are between thirty-five and forty thousand Chinese in Japan. The Korean Association concludes that there are between six and eight hundred thousand Koreans. The old-fashioned Japanese police used to have knowledge of everyone in Japan, but these police were purged after the defeat, and the remodeled police force is cautious about names. Some people have gone away unrecorded and others have come in quietly. Every student of my acquaintance is sponsored by a Japanese family, usually a family with whom his family has had commercial dealings over a long period. They are all here because their parents have sent them. Each one has an intense interest in what is happening back in his homeland.

2

JAPAN is the most literate of the Asian countries. A reading and writing survey made by members of the Civil Information and Education Section of our Occupation has shown that 95 per cent of the adults can read and write. There are more than eighteen million children in the age group who must attend school, by Japanese law, and a large number go on for higher education. Although Japan is merely four mountainous islands collectively no larger than Montana, a population of more than eighty million people lives here, and they maintain one hundred and eighty universities.

They began fairly extensive education with the opening of Buddhist schools in the seventh century. Since then they have made many changes — every change in government has caused a reform of the educational system. Sixty-nine of the present universities are called National Universities. Nineteen were founded by cities. Ninety-two are private universities belonging to Catholics, Protestants, and Japanese who are not Christian but want to promote Western learning. The universities are scattered all over the islands and many of them are in lovely places.

Compared with students in colleges in England and the United States, students in Japan have poor

conditions. The miracle is that this Asian land has these schools. Some buildings are of brick and stone, but mostly they are of frail wood. This has never been a materially rich nation. In the recent attempt to grab a big empire, the universities were almost lost. The government in power from the time of the attack on China in 1931 until the defeat in August of 1945 did not allow school buildings to be repaired. They pulled out everything they wanted, including radiators, telephones, and electrical wires. Many professors gave full support to the war effort. Others suffered for their opposition. False theories about race were put into the textbooks, and unsound scientific data. Then, under our bombing, buildings were destroyed, books burned, laboratory equipment blasted away. After the Occupation, we undertook a renovation of the Japanese educational system from first grade through university.

There is still a scarcity of classrooms and teachers. Within recent months, missionary teachers who have had to leave China have been admitted to Japan. Fifty came in one group, thirty in another. They are busy learning the language and soon will be teaching. There is eagerness for learning. The boys and girls who get into college work hard — with a few exceptions who are soon dropped. There isn't room for all the Japanese who apply, and if the way were wide open the universities would be swamped with students from the Asia mainland. If another university went up, youth would be at the gates.

Word has spread into Asia that we have put much into the Japanese education system. Donald Nugent, who taught in Japan before the war, has been in full charge of what has been accomplished. I think that he has done a fine job. He has known that we cannot make over Japan, or any Asian nation, in our own American image. We can give Asiatics the gift of our best and then they will use or discard it. He has kept before him the realization that the schools are Japanese and that nothing will endure when we withdraw unless they want it. He has an able American, Dr. Arthur K. Loomis, as chief of his Education Division and a small American staff. Everything has been done by working with Japanese educators. Busy, gifted Americans have responded generously to invitations to come for a visit and lend the Japanese a helping hand. Everything tried has been founded on human trust.

The South Korean government has been asking official permission to send students, and General MacArthur recently approved a plan to enroll fifty in various colleges where they will study agriculture, government, medicine, and engineering. Often I hear Asians express a wish to go to school in the company of Americans and Europeans in Asia. Our Veterans Administration has approved of eighteen Japanese universities to which former service men and women may go, but as yet General MacArthur

has not given the green light for entry to Japan because of food and housing conditions. Some who are here in Occupation jobs have been able to arrange to attend classes and take part in college activities.

An-kuo interrupted my thoughts. "Who are these?" he asked, running a finger along several pages in my address book.

I looked over his shoulder. "The names in red ink are the Friends Service Committee registration at an international seminar which was held at Tsuda College. Men and women students gathered there for ten days in vacation time. Each person was required to bring five pounds of rice and five pounds of flour toward board. As you can see from the spelling, Chinese, Formosans, Koreans, Indians, Australians, Japanese, Indonesians, Filipinos, and Americans were there. They met for friendship. Esther Rhoads of Philadelphia made the arrangements. Yasaka Takagi of Tokyo University was the leader. Edmund Blunden, the English poet, Li Shi-mou of UNESCO, C. K. Tandan of the Indian Liaison Mission, and others contributed to the program."

"Why didn't you get me an invitation?"

"More wanted to come than there were places. I thought you were too busy. Esther planned for fifty and she let eighty-six in. There was lots of music. People taught each other the songs of their countries."

"Among those who were present, I've found a friend from near home. I didn't know he came to Japan. Perhaps he'll take on my radio work." Soon after this, An-kuo left to look for him at the address in my book.

3

TWICE during the next week I met An-kuo on the street. He looked happy and he did not mention returning to China. Then one day when I was out, Pi-feng came in and left a note on my desk:—

"Have you heard from Uncle Tsao-ming? I have had a gift and a letter. He went from Taku Bar to Hong Kong on business and he was about to start back by the same freighter that took him down. He sent me a food parcel from Hong Kong by British Overseas Airways, with which I am having a party Tuesday late afternoon. Please come bringing pine-mushrooms, if you can get any, either canned or fresh."

The principal ornament in Pi-feng's room is a handsome globe of the world with an electric light in it. I knew his parents in Hopei before he was born. At twenty-one he has the high cheekbones, the direct gaze, the physical stamina of the healthy northern. He is nearly six feet tall. He has faith in the future, humor, and a dream. He wants to help make a world society where people are able to have

individual liberty and at the same time are willing to obey controls which provide equalities for all. He intends to be an electrical engineer.

When his family sent him to college in Tokyo, they made provision for him to live well but he chooses to live simply in one room with a small alcove in which he does his own cooking. This room is in the rambling home of a Japanese businessman, and Pi-feng pays his rent by teaching Chinese writing to the children of the house, a boy and girl aged eight and six. The surplus of the money his parents provided for him, he gives to other Asian students who came here less well arranged for than he is. His needs are few. He wants to live free of nonessentials. Friendships are top on his list. With him, one meets students from many parts of Asia.

On Tuesday afternoon, carrying the requested mushrooms, I left the Correspondents' Club where I live when in Tokyo and walked to Pi-feng's place, which is about an hour away on foot. Earlier there had been a light snowfall. Now the air was fresh and clear. I crossed Avenue A and went along the moat which circles the high gray wall of the palace grounds, turned north to go by the Diet building where laws are enacted, and then on by a winding way. The streets were filled with people. The snow was lovely on the trees. As I neared the end of my walk, I met a student from Saigon in Indo-China and we went in together. He had brought a scrapbook of Dagwood and Blondie and a bottle of Chianti. Pi-feng, assisted by his young Japanese pupils, was cooking in the alcove. He welcomed us by waving a pair of long chopsticks and thanked us for food and wine to add to his feast.

As I sat in the midst of this gathering group of young people, listening to their conversations and their laughter, I felt their zest for life. There was no skepticism in their faces, no cynicism in their voices. The possibilities of the future stirred their imaginations. They dwelt not on the destructive powers of atomic energy but on its creative might. As they spoke to one another pastures were made green in Asia. Arid deserts became fertile. People had clothes, food, and shelter—leisure and vitality for music, literature, and friendships.

The Indonesian student who lives near-by had carried over his gramophone and records. He would give music with Pi-feng's good dinner. He had made a European choice—the G-minor Quintet. Everything was ready. We were fourteen. We sat on the floor around four oblong low tables put together. The cooks dished up. Pi-feng is a wonderful chef and his uncle had sent fine things.

"Where is An-kuo? Isn't he coming?" the Japanese children asked.

"He has gone home to China." With these words the fears which are the burden of our time came into the room.



Are the teachers' colleges and schools of education mere diploma mills for teachers? The question came home to ALBERT LYND early in his experience as a member of the school board in his home town in Massachusetts. Mr. Lynd took his A.B. and A.M. at Harvard; after a year of further study in Belgium he taught history at Stanford and Harvard; but not until he had been elected to a school board did he appreciate the changes in our public schools and the ironbound and stultifying system which is producing the accredited teachers in the schools today. Mr. Lynd speaks as a parent and an ex-teacher now happily established in business in Boston.

QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

by ALBERT LYND

I

NEXT to the minister, the high school principal of thirty years ago was the most learned fellow in town. Today you may find your local high school in charge of a brisk Kiwanian whose "professional" training has been free of the elements of traditional culture. His teaching experience may have had nothing to do with letters or science; it may have been in auto driving or basketball or pattern-making or "guidance"; no matter in any case, because what counts in the advancement of his career is his accumulation of courses in "administration." He may even wear the splendid title of Doctor, earned through researches into the theory and function of a school cafeteria. He may not be able to decipher the Latin date on the cornerstone of his own school building, or to read a single word in any other foreign language, living or dead, or even to write a decently turned paragraph in English, but he can lead an enraptured class discussion in *A Democratic Solution of Our Traffic Problem*.

Who or what is responsible for the change? As a parent required by law to submit your youngster to the ministrations of the local school and to pay taxes for its support, it may occur to you that the question of who gave whom the authority to make all such changes may be even more disturbing than the reforms themselves. It occurred to me after some experience on a suburban school board.

The traditional educational system tried to improve the student's private universe by pumping into him as much as he could hold of objective information. The elementary steps were rigid drillings in reading, writing, and arithmetic; the youngster who could not handle these was pilloried as a dunce. The new dispensation seeks rather to educe "skills" for "socially useful" results, although it is not very clear who the umpires of these results are supposed

to be. The elementary approach is subjective; the student's interest is teased through painless projects appealing to his natural inclinations. The dunce is abolished as psychologically reprehensible.

Wherever the newer rite has strongly prevailed, there have been some parental complaints that children today seem not to be able to read, write, and calculate as well as they once could at the same age. As a parent I have found the explanation contradictory when cleared of the usual pedagogical jargon. I have been assured first that the schools do not really neglect these traditional accomplishments, and next, that when they do so it is in the interest of more socially useful objectives.

It is rather late in the day for the parent-taxpayer to make up his mind on the general case for the new pedagogy, because in some measure it has become established nearly everywhere. In brooding about this, however, a curious citizen may be struck by a conclusion so obvious and so important that he will marvel at its rare mention in all the bales of printed argument about the new education. Although he, the taxpayer, owns the schools, pays the teachers, builds the buildings, buys the equipment, and submits to frequent professional rebuke for not paying, building, and buying more, an educational revolution is being put over within his schools on which he has been neither consulted nor candidly informed.

It is true that our citizen's grandfather was not consulted, either, on the merits of traditional schooling. But good or bad, that system in its day enjoyed the measure of passive acceptance which political scientists call general consent, because it was considered by laymen to be as obvious and inevitable as the procession of the equinoxes.

Whatever the shining merits of the new pedagogy, its measure and content are now determined for the

schools in your town and mine by persons whom the school-owning citizens have neither elected nor approved, directly or indirectly. The local school board, unless it is unusual to an extraordinary degree, fusses over budgets and plumbing and bus routes but merely rubber-stamps the edicts of remote and self-constituted authorities on the proper educational diet for your children. With respect to the inner mysteries of the pedagogical cult, the average board member behaves like a humble lay brother in the presence of an infallible priesthood.

The superprofessionals who determine the kind of education to which your child must submit and for which you must pay taxes are the professors of "education" in the larger universities and teachers' colleges. Some of the most influential of these institutions are privately endowed, but even in the state-owned colleges the decisions of the educational panjandruns are not even remotely subject to the scrutiny of the citizen who picks up the check for the local schools. And these decisions are subject to change whenever the gift of tongues may descend upon a new prophet of pedagogy.

By patient lobbying over many years, the superpedagogues have so influenced state and local laws that their training courses in teaching theory and method are virtually essential to the eligibility of any candidate for a job in your schools. In most states this is accomplished by "certification" laws. These have been obtained from upcountry legislators who are awed by professorial millinery. Eager to show a proper zeal for Our Schools, they have been easily persuaded that an educated teacher is necessarily one who has had a certain amount of head-rubbing by a professor of education.

No matter whether their motives be the highest in the universe, it seems apparent to any observant member of a school board that these boys in the educational back room have traded on the apathy or awe of the laymen in nominal control to build a tight educational bureaucracy, to which every working teacher or administrator must defer if he dares dream of advancement. The average superintendent of schools is usually a man of unquestioned personal integrity, but given his usual training it is almost impossible for him to be in his inner professional heart the executive agent of the local school board. He is rather the ranking local lobbyist and front man for some professional ideology of curriculum, discipline, and teacher status. He has some choice among these, but it is not usually determined by the sentiments of local parents and taxpayers; it is more likely to be guided by the cerebrations of those university professors of education who helped him to get his job by their recommendations to the docile local board. His advancement is not a matter within the control of the board, whose top appointment he already holds; it may depend upon future recommendations of the superprofessionals to the awed laymen of some larger town.

In the same manner down the line, your child's teacher is conditioned to perform according to theories and policies which derive their sanction from neither local parents nor their elected representatives. In many jurisdictions she cannot even get a raise in pay unless she devotes her summers to getting herself still more thoroughly indoctrinated by the distant arbiters of your school methods.

All this you may discover for yourself if you are curious enough and stubborn enough to risk the ruffled dignity, the hurt look, or the patient smile used by pedagogues on a tiresome child who asks too many questions. These you will get if you take too literally the standing invitation to "know your schools" — that is, if you poke around for information less superficial than the hosannas of the P.T.A. The power of the educational bureaucracy over your school system is least if yours is a very large city, because in a great metropolis even these talented strategists find it difficult to compete for authority with the resident school politicians. It is small, too, in remote and "backward" rural schools. But in the white-collar suburb with "good" schools, it flourishes on a scale which may remind you of Lord Acton's classic warning about the corrupting effects of all power.

2

A UNIVERSITY faculty of education is an academician's dream world, when you consider that no faculty of medicine, of law, or of technology anywhere could ever hope to rig a system which controls the livelihoods of its graduates for so much of their careers — and which bribes them with public funds in pay raises to return as paying customers for endless redosings of indoctrination. This policy of keeping working pedagogues in perpetual tutelage is facilitated by another happy advantage enjoyed by the superpedagogues. While scholars in most university departments must study and teach fairly objective bodies of knowledge, these gifted thinkers seem to share with Jehovah the prerogative of creation *ex nihilo*. It is difficult otherwise to explain their virtuosity in the inflation of courses offered by large schools of education.

It is to the catalogues of these schools that the curious freeholder should turn for information on a second question which may follow upon the answer to the first. When he discovers *who* runs his local schools, he may sportingly withhold judgment about this absentee overlordship until he inquires *how well* they are run. How educated are the graduates of schools of education?

I curled up for a few winter evenings with a dozen of these catalogues in an effort to make some sense out of the teachers' salary schedule in our town. Our schedule makes no provision for advancement on ratings for good performance on the job. Instead it provides automatic increases for teachers who earn

certain semester-hours of credit toward and beyond a Master's degree from the superprofessionals.

There is some amazing stuff in these announcements of the schools of education. You must excuse the limited literacy of your local teachers when you discover that their overlords, having nearly abolished Latin, are now on the way to abolishing not only living foreign languages but the English language as well. Consider this:—

Foundations are laid for such specialized and administrative school positions as: Superintendent of schools in *urban cities and towns*. . . . (Italics mine.)

If you don't believe that I have quoted correctly, look it up for yourself at the foot of page 13 of the 1949-1950 Bulletin of the Boston University School of Education. With such examples at the apex of the public school pyramid, you will understand why we hear today such howlers as "mouton lamb" coats and "tricot knit" underwear.

But let's begin at the bottom. For my money that point is reached at another center of learning in the culture-happy Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Here is a course worth three semester-hours of credit toward the Master's degree for teachers in a program sponsored by the State Department of Education at Bridgewater State Teachers College during thirty days in the summer of 1949:—

WORLD LITERATURE. This course will deal with a consideration of the outstanding writings of the world, from ancient times to the beginning of the twentieth century, as well as sketches of the lives and times of the writers. Lectures, the reading of selections in an anthology, and individual research will comprise the course.

The outstanding writings of the whole danged world, plus the "lives and times" of the writers, plus "individual research"—in thirty days! Does this not hint at one possible definition of the kind of teacher being put into the Massachusetts schools today? It suggests one who could with a straight face claim credit toward a "Master's degree" for an eye-dropper dosage of literature which goes from Homer to Henry James in one month.

Here is another thirty-day miracle of scholarship in the same program, worth the same "graduate" credit:—

CURRENT PROBLEMS AND DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. This course will be a *detailed* study of what has been happening in the field of government in this country during the last fifteen or twenty years. Significant topics to be studied are recent developments in the organization and operation of the legislative process in Congress and the state legislatures; new interpretations of the United States Constitution by the Supreme Court of the United States; current trends in public administration, taxation, and popular controls over government; current developments in political processes; an analysis of reforms suggested for better city,

county and local government; recent proposals for a larger welfare state; current trends toward greater centralization in government; and present-day relations of government and business. (Italics mine.)

Who is being fooled by a course which would pretend to offer a "detailed" study of any *one* of these numerous and complex topics in thirty days—the teacher, or the burghers who must raise her pay for this step toward "professional advancement"?

There are many other wonders in the Bridgewater catalogue, including something called "The Psychology and Logic of Correct Thinking." The second half of that title is the best bit of tautology I have seen since that reference to "urban cities." The course description promises that it will be taught so as to meet the needs and desires of students for psychology or logic, graduate or undergraduate credit, all in one thirty-day economy package. It promises also "a detailed study of all the rules established for correct thinking in the daily problems of life," though with no indication of who made all these rules. But don't laugh; you are billed for pay raises for teachers who seek "self-improvement" in courses like this.

The most depressing aspect of this adulterated pap is that for purposes of pay and promotion it is equated with the genuine intellectual efforts of superior teachers who take respectable courses for real self-improvement. For there are of course outstanding teachers in the public schools who are more concerned with their own effective development than with shoddy tokens of "professional advancement." Such good teachers there always will be, no matter how far the currency of job improvement is debased, as long as teaching appeals to generous men and women in whom aptitude and liking for the work are combined with intelligence.

3

WE MAY charitably assume that cultural information is doled out to teachers in these thin drippings because their main concern in job-getting and job-improving is with "professional" courses. Turning to these we find a reverse kind of flummery. Where the cultural courses pretend to include the whole of vast stores of knowledge in purse-size phials, the courses in education spin out the simplest teaching procedures into astonishing lists of redundant offerings, on top of which are piled superredundant courses in the "administration" of these procedures. Thus Teachers College of Columbia offers no fewer than ten separate semester courses in the mysteries of Audio-Visual Education, with an eleventh on "Administering the Use of Audio-Visual Materials." There seems to be a transcendent *mystique* of "administering" anything in the school world more complex than a pencil. It is as though the Harvard Business School offered, say, ten courses in

accounting and an eleventh on the administration of desks and ledger sheets!

This prolific generation of courses by asexual reproduction is characteristic of all the larger schools of education. Teachers College of Columbia, the Vatican of the cult, offers more than seven hundred. There are galaxies of courses in the theory, the practice, and the supervision of teaching every conceivable subject, with the inevitable addenda on "administration." There are courses on practice teaching and on the teaching of practice teaching. There are even a couple which are concerned with the teaching methods of a teachers' college. (I was a little disappointed not to find a course on the giving of courses about teacher-training courses.) "Laboratory" courses abound, with apposite courses in administering the laboratory. One offering at Boston University School of Education includes "laboratory work" in student activities!

The purpose of these vast inventories of courses is not merely that of forming new teachers. They are also rigged to keep the working teacher or administrator returning for more tutoring throughout the years of his professional life in which he may hope for job improvement. Your schools are in safe hands in at least one respect — safe for the livelihoods of huge faculties of education, who spawn courses faster than any teacher could take them in a dozen lives of summer-school hopping. Building this vast stockpile of courses naturally requires some ingenuity. It is not lacking. Thus your daughter, in her high school sewing class, may be getting the benefit of any "enriched" teaching her instructor may have learned from this offering at Teachers College of Columbia: —

SOCIAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL AND ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS FOR THE ENRICHED TEACHING OF TEXTILES AND CLOTHING. (Clothing 225.)

Or in the gymnasium your child may be getting a more exotic dialectic of muscle-flexing than you suspect if her teacher happened to take this course at Stanford: —

Physical Education 160. HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF DANCE. The origin and nature of dance; its appearance and significance as a product of changing cultures and civilizations. Prerequisites: third-year standing and at least two quarters of contemporary dance or consent of the instructor.

In art and music, too, your youngster in the lower grades may profit by profundities undreamed of by Matisse or Mozart if her instructor consulted this oracle at the usually restrained University of California: —

132. ART AND MUSIC IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. Functions, organization, instructional planning, and implications of research in child development for teaching and selection of materials, and evaluation of educational outcomes in the art and music curricula in elementary schools.

The Neanderthal English in which most of these announcements are written may be one of the limiting influences on the literacy of the average public school teacher today, because it is safe to assume that the courses are taught in the same strange dialect. There is more disturbing evidence that your children are getting less than adequate development in cultural attainments because their teachers are themselves actually uneducated in them. Take the fundamentals of English literature and composition, which were once thought to be valuable additions to the personality of any high school graduate intelligent enough to read more than a racing form, or to write more than a salesman's expense account. The educational pragmatists tacitly argue that the luxuries of private esthetic development are less important than the new "social orientations." Maybe so, maybe so, *but how would they know?* They have no comparative basis for judgment, because the pedagogical course-hopping now required of an English teacher gives him no time or energy for reading in the substance of English literature.

The experience of the English teacher today with critical studies of actual literature is practically limited to the liberal arts courses in his undergraduate "major." If you think this is adequate for the development of discriminating taste in one who would presume to lead others in this direction, just reflect on the limited literary standards of the average men in your college class who took courses in English. And remember that public school teaching does not attract the brightest of these.

A certain amount of mature and concentrated graduate work in literature would enable the average English teacher to face a high school class with less presumption. But that's not the kind of work a teacher gets if he wants to load up with the degrees which are the currency of pay raises and promotions. Teachers College of Columbia offers more than fifty courses for aspirants in English (not counting over thirty others in "Speech and Dramatics"). Fewer than half a dozen seem designed to deepen a candidate's acquaintance with the substance of the language and its literature, and even these few seem from their descriptions to be at about the sophomore level of a good liberal arts college. (One is in elementary linguistics; two are for "personal enjoyment and cultural growth," and one of these ironically hints at the quality of graduate students of education by offering "an *introduction* to contemporary adult reading.") Virtually all the rest of the fifty-odd courses in the department are concerned with the pedagogy rather than the substance of English.

In truth the superpedagogues are eager to abolish language as an esthetic medium and to concentrate upon its use as a toolbox. In traditional education the second was a common-sense derivative of a disciplined study of the first. But Teachers College of Columbia deliberately conditions the language

teacher with pseudo-academic glorifications of literary hod-carrying. It would be interesting to hear Dr. Johnson's opinion of the style as well as the content of the following description of a course required of all English candidates:—

COMMUNICATION AND THE COMMUNICATION ARTS IN THE MODERN COMMUNITY. Modern concepts of communication developed by workers in various arts and sciences since the first world war; the synthesis of their findings in recent "institutes on communication"; their application and further development in government wartime and post-war services in the interest of democratic communication; their significance for teachers in art, drama, English, foreign languages, journalism, library science, music, speech and related fields; the work of teachers with various media — press, radio, film, discussion, etc.

But if literary discrimination is too effete and too private a luxury to be "socially useful" for children today, let's turn to a real bread-and-butter department: the teaching of business subjects to high school students and others. At Boston University a teacher may prepare herself for these intellectual labors through no fewer than *twenty-one* semester courses. As insurance against your incredulity I reproduce the entire list, though you will miss the full savor of the long description of each course:—

Methods of Teaching Bookkeeping.
Methods of Teaching the Basic Business Subjects.
Methods of Teaching Shorthand, Typewriting and Transcription.
Methods of Teaching Office Practice.
Principles of Business Education.
Methods and Materials in Distributive Education.
Consumer Business Education.
Theories and Practices in Business Education.
Administration and Supervision of Business Education.
Business Education in Collegiate and Special Schools.
Improvement of Instruction in Transcription.
Improvement of Instruction in Typewriting.
Improvement of Instruction in Shorthand.
Curriculum Construction in Business Education.
Test and Measurement in Business Education.
Improvement of Instruction in Office Machines.
Improvement of Instruction in Bookkeeping.
Improvement of Instruction in Junior Business Education.
Improvement of Instruction in Social Business Subjects.
Student Teaching (Business Education).
Seminar in Business Education.

Do you find the benefits of all this reflected in the stenographers and clerks in your office? Or do you find the most competent boys and girls among those who spent a few months after high school in a "business college" where they were rapidly trained by instructors innocent of the professional redundancies offered by schools of education?

Apart from their unbelievable inflation of repetitious trivia, these courses drape in counterfeit

academic vestments activities and procedures (like the "administration of textbooks, supplies, and equipment") far simpler than those which your office manager must master in a single afternoon. It goes without saying that they are incomparably less difficult and infinitely less important for the general welfare than the constant new information which your busy family doctor must master in a night or two of occasional reading. Yet you must provide your teachers with long paid vacations for "studying" this stuff, and you must raise their pay for doing so. That may be the most useful purpose of these endless lists of courses.

4

IN their accumulations of chaff disguised as academic disciplines, the professors of education are offering a standing invitation to the murderous wit of some new Carlyle, or of some Erasmus with a *Praise of Folly* more devastating than that which punctured the clerical pomposities of the sixteenth century.

There is an indication of the attraction of this pseudo-scholarship for mental lightweights in the degree-mania which pervades the field. Of all non-medical occupations this is the most thoroughly bedoctored. The yearning of pedagogues for this title exceeds that of corn-curers, chiropractors, and camp-meeting theologians. It is facilitated by a fairly recent device called "Doctor of Education," which by a kind of academic Gresham's Law is driving the older and more difficult Ph.D. out of this low-fenced intellectual arena. (The Ed.D. has no language requirement, whereas the holder of a Ph.D. is supposed to be able to understand the work of fellow scholars anywhere on earth through the common denominators of English, French, and German.) I know of one Ed.D. so proud of the title that he risks night emergency calls by putting "Dr." in front of his name in the telephone book.

The Faculty Club humor which pedagogical degrees provoke among professors of the liberal arts in any respectable university is in pathetic contrast with the prestige of teacher-training faculties in other lands. In France, for example, the diploma of the École Normale Supérieure is the most distinguished in the French university system. The program of the Normale emphasizes intense scholarship in fields of objective knowledge far more than the redundant arts of imparting it. The rigid competition for admission contrasts sadly with the bush-beating of our schools of education to secure new customers in addition to those already signed up more or less for life. At the University of Minnesota the booklet wistfully announces that "students will be admitted to the College of Education without reference to high school pattern, only high school graduation being a requirement." Simple as this seems to be, there is further assurance that "appli-

cants who do not meet fully the stated requirements may be referred to the admissions committee of the College [of Education] for consideration on an individual basis." And Teachers College of Columbia is the only professional school of any reputable university whose announcements I have read which runs snappy advertising copy in its catalogue. There is a full page of it on the inside back cover headlined "Wanted: Educational Leaders."

The faculties who operate these intellectual bargain basements are the men who are quietly running the educational program in *your* school. It is more than a possibility that they are also running intelligent and literate young people right out of public education. Professor Isabel Stephens of Wellesley, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1947, gave several reasons apart from pay scales why promising women undergraduates in a good liberal arts college lack interest in teaching. Among these is their belief that "they must qualify for public school jobs in a way that seems to them absurd. . . . They say there is too much hocus-pocus to qualifying for a teaching certificate." There you have another unintended but tempting definition of the average teacher today: one with a low resistance to hocus-pocus dignified as "education" by a self-anointed Sanhedrin.

Quite apart from a mentality which could take this training seriously in itself, there is something disturbing about the human quality of a teacher who is willing, even eager, to be kept in lifelong leading strings by other teachers. This perpetual childlike dependency of pedagogues upon super-pedagogues has no parallel and would not be tolerated in any other occupational group which insists as shrilly as do the teachers upon "professional" status. The journeymen who do the work in the local schools cannot be expected to rise, in the general average, to a higher level of intelligence and literacy than that of the system which produces them. There are admirable exceptions, of course. But among those I have met, the superior teachers and the most intelligent administrators have usually been mavericks — persons who came into the public schools from the liberal arts or from some other profession with a minimum anointing by professors of education.

5

WHAT can you do about this politically irresponsible control of your local schools? If you are interested you can make your own investigation. You will find that your school system is esteemed "good" by the professionals to the extent that your board gives lamblike assent to their edicts. (For example, to the completely *unqualified* planks IV C-3 and

IV C-4 in the 1949 Platform of the National Education Association: "Lay boards should be guided by the recommendations of professional educators" and "School budgets should be prepared by the school superintendent and adopted by the board of education." In their instinctive professional denial of any lay discretion, these lines could have been written seven centuries ago by old Pope Boniface VIII in his famous *Clericis Laicos!*) But I can simplify your investigation of professional opinion on your schools; it is derived from the equation that more money automatically means better schooling.

If you find, next, that your child cannot read or calculate half as well as you could at his age, you can complain that the older education, whatever its faults, had to prove its achievements by these objective tests. I can spare you this effort, too, by telling you the reply you will get: "In the new education we pay adequate attention to those skills but our aim is upon more important social objectives." They have you there, because you won't live long enough to test them. You cannot put your calipers upon a whole social unit a few generations hence, even if you could discover what you should measure.

Next, you can dedicate yourself to the useful career of a school crank. You can vest the professionals in that salutary hair-shirt that most of us have to wear in other professions and businesses: the objective scrutiny of persons free of our own occupational bias toward self-congratulation.

Finally, you can attempt to cure the frustrations developed in these activities by getting yourself elected to your local school board. There you can make it clear to your colleagues and your professional associates that you are a representative of the children, the parents, and the taxpayers of your town, not of a professional camarilla vis-à-vis the town. This will make a satisfying noise which will have a certain therapeutic effect on your blood pressure. But it will have no other practical effect. When this becomes clear to you, you can do what other worried parents have done: mortgage your house and put your youngster in one of the good private schools, where the best teaching today is being done by high-quality liberal arts graduates for whom the professors of education are only an inspiration for humor in the Masters' Common Room.

Of course you must then contribute to the support of two school establishments. As you do this, you can reflect on the meaning of an educational "democracy" which, by filling the public schools with hocus-pocus, limits the opportunity for the cultivated development of intelligent children to those whose parents can afford private schooling. But you may draw some comfort from the knowledge that the greatness of this nation lies in its infinite capacity for surviving hocus-pocus!

Atlantic Portrait

The daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, VIRGINIA WOOLF was one of four children. The family divided its time between the London house in Hyde Park Gate and their summer home on the coast of Cornwall near St. Ives. Her father was a delightful host, and of his intimate friends, the children came to know James Russell Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Hardy, Meredith, Stevenson, Ruskin, and John Morley. No formal schooling was imposed upon the young Virginia; she was allowed the unrestricted freedom of her father's magnificent library. This portrait will appear in a volume entitled The Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays (Harcourt, Brace).

MY FATHER: LESLIE STEPHEN

by VIRGINIA WOOLF

BY the time that his children were growing up, the great days of my father's life were over. His feats on the river and on the mountains had been won before they were born. Relics of them were to be found lying about the house — the silver cup on the study mantelpiece; the rusty alpenstocks that leant against the bookcase in the corner; and to the end of his days he would speak of great climbers and explorers with a peculiar mixture of admiration and envy. But his own years of activity were over, and my father had to content himself with pottering about the Swiss valleys or taking a stroll across the Cornish moors.

That to potter and to stroll meant more on his lips than on other people's is becoming obvious now that some of his friends have given their own version of those expeditions. He would start off after breakfast alone, or with one companion. Shortly before dinner he would return. If the walk had been successful, he would have out his great map and commemorate a new short cut in red ink. And he was quite capable, it appears, of striding all day across the moors without speaking more than a word or two to his companion. By that time, too, he had written the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, which is said by some to be his masterpiece; and the *Science of Ethics* — the book which interested him most; and *The Playground of Europe*, in which is to be found "The Sunset on Mont Blanc" — in his opinion the best thing he ever wrote.

He still wrote daily and methodically, though never for long at a time. In London he wrote in the large room with three long windows at the top of the house. He wrote lying almost recumbent in a low rocking chair which he tipped to and fro as he wrote, like a cradle, and as he wrote he smoked a short clay pipe, and he scattered books round him in a circle. The thud of a book dropped on the floor could be heard in the room beneath. And often

as he mounted the stairs to his study with his firm, regular tread he would burst, not into song, for he was entirely unmusical, but into a strange rhythmical chant, for verse of all kinds, both "utter trash," as he called it, and the most sublime words of Milton and Wordsworth, stuck in his memory, and the act of walking or climbing seemed to inspire him to recite whichever it was that came uppermost or suited his mood.

But it was his dexterity with his fingers that delighted his children before they could potter along the lanes at his heels or read his books. He would twist a sheet of paper beneath a pair of scissors and out would drop an elephant, a stag, or a monkey with trunks, horns, and tails delicately and exactly formed. Or, taking a pencil, he would draw beast after beast — an art that he practised almost unconsciously as he read, so that the fly-leaves of his books swarm with owls and donkeys as if to illustrate the "Oh, you ass!" or "Conceited dunce" that he was wont to scribble impatiently in the margin. Such brief comments, in which one may find the germ of the more temperate statements of his essays, recall some of the characteristics of his talk. He could be very silent, as his friends have testified. But his remarks, made suddenly in a low voice between the puffs of his pipe, were extremely effective. Sometimes with one word — but his one word was accompanied by a gesture of the hand — he would dispose of the tissue of exaggerations which his own sobriety seemed to provoke. "There are 40,000,000 unmarried women in London alone!" Lady Ritchie once informed him. "Oh, Annie, Annie!" my father exclaimed in tones of horrified but affectionate rebuke. But Lady Ritchie, as if she enjoyed being rebuked, would pile it up even higher next time she came.

The stories he told to amuse his children of adventures in the Alps — but accidents only happened, he would explain, if you were so foolish as to

disobey your guides — or of those long walks, after one of which, from Cambridge to London on a hot day, "I drank, I am sorry to say, rather more than was good for me," were told very briefly, but with a curious power to impress the scene. The things that he did not say were always there in the background. So, too, though he seldom told anecdotes, and his memory for facts was bad, when he described a person — and he had known many people, both famous and obscure — he would convey exactly what he thought of him in two or three words. And what he thought might be the opposite of what other people thought. He had a way of upsetting established reputations and disregarding conventional values that could be disconcerting, and sometimes perhaps wounding, though no one was more respectful of any feeling that seemed to him genuine. But when, suddenly opening his bright blue eyes, and rousing himself from what had seemed complete abstraction, he gave his opinion, it was difficult to disregard it. It was a habit, especially when deafness made him unaware that this opinion could be heard, that had its inconveniences.

"I am the most easily bored of men," he wrote, truthfully as usual: and when, as was inevitable in a large family, some visitor threatened to stay not merely for tea but also for dinner, my father would express his anguish at first by twisting and untwisting a certain lock of hair. Then he would burst out, half to himself, half to the powers above, but quite audibly, "Why can't he go? Why can't he go?" Yet such is the charm of simplicity — and did he not say, also truthfully, that "bores are the salt of the earth"? — that the bores seldom went, or, if they did, forgave him and came again.

Too much, perhaps, has been said of his silence; too much stress has been laid upon his reserve. He loved clear thinking; he hated sentimentality and gush; but this by no means meant that he was cold and unemotional, perpetually critical and condemnatory in daily life. On the contrary, it was his power of feeling strongly and of expressing his feeling with vigour that made him sometimes so alarming as a companion. A lady, for instance, complained of the wet summer that was spoiling her tour in Cornwall. But to my father, though he never called himself a democrat, the rain meant that the corn was being laid; some poor man was being ruined; and the energy with which he expressed his sympathy — not with the lady — left her discomfited. He had something of the same respect for farmers and fishermen that he had for climbers and explorers. So, too, he talked little of patriotism, but during the South African War — and all wars were hateful to him — he lay awake thinking that he heard the guns on the battlefield. Again, neither his reason nor his cold common sense helped to convince him that a child could be late for dinner without having been maimed or killed in an accident. And not all his mathematics together with a bank

balance which he insisted must be ample in the extreme could persuade him, when it came to signing a cheque, that the whole family was not "shooting Niagara to ruin," as he put it. The pictures that he would draw of old age and the bankruptcy court, of ruined men of letters who have to support large families in small houses at Wimbledon (he owned a very small house at Wimbledon), might have convinced those who complain of his understatements that hyperbole was well within his reach had he chosen.

Yet the unreasonable mood was superficial, as the rapidity with which it vanished would prove. The cheque-book was shut; Wimbledon and the work-house were forgotten. Some thought of a humorous kind made him chuckle. Taking his hat and his stick, calling for his dog and his daughter, he would stride off into Kensington Gardens, where he had walked as a little boy, where his brother Fitzjames and he had made beautiful bows to young Queen Victoria and she had swept them a curtsy, and so, round the Serpentine, to Hyde Park Corner, where he had once saluted the great Duke himself; and so home. He was not then in the least "alarming"; he was very simple, very confiding; and his silence, though one might last unbroken from the Round Pond to the Marble Arch, was curiously full of meaning, as if he were thinking half aloud, about poetry and philosophy and people he had known.

He himself was the most abstemious of men. He smoked a pipe perpetually, but never a cigar. He wore his clothes until they were too shabby to be tolerable; and he held old-fashioned and rather puritanical views as to the vice of luxury and the sin of idleness. The relations between parents and children to-day have a freedom that would have been impossible with my father. He expected a certain standard of behaviour, even of ceremony, in family life. Yet if freedom means the right to think one's own thoughts and to follow one's own pursuits, then no one respected and indeed insisted upon freedom more completely than he did. His sons, with the exception of the Army and Navy, should follow whatever professions they chose; his daughters, though he cared little enough for the higher education of women, should have the same liberty. If at one moment he rebuked a daughter sharply for smoking a cigarette — smoking was not in his opinion a nice habit in the other sex — she had only to ask him if she might become a painter, and he assured her that so long as she took her work seriously he would give her all the help he could. He had no special love for painting; but he kept his word. Freedom of that sort was worth thousands of cigarettes.

It was the same with the perhaps more difficult problem of literature. Even to-day there may be parents who would doubt the wisdom of allowing a girl of fifteen the free run of a large and quite unexpurgated library. But my father allowed it. There

were certain facts — very briefly, very shyly he referred to them. Yet “Read what you like,” he said, and all his books, “mangy and worthless,” as he called them, but certainly they were many and various, were to be had without asking. To read what one liked because one liked it, never to pretend to admire what one did not — that was his only lesson in the art of reading. To write in the fewest possible words, as clearly as possible, exactly what one meant — that was his only lesson in the art of writing. All the rest must be learnt for oneself. Yet a child must have been childish in the extreme not to feel that such was the teaching of a man of great learning and wide experience, though he would never impose his own views or parade his own knowledge. For, as his tailor remarked when he saw my father walk past his shop up Bond Street, “There goes a gentleman that wears good clothes without knowing it.”

In those last years, grown solitary and very deaf, he would sometimes call himself a failure as a writer; he had been “jack of all trades, and master

of none.” But whether he failed or succeeded as a writer, it is permissible to believe that he left a distinct impression of himself on the minds of his friends. Meredith saw him as “Phoebus Apollo turned fasting friar” in his earlier days; Thomas Hardy, years later, looked at the “spare and desolate figure” of the Schreckhorn and thought of

him,
Who scaled its horn with ventured life and limb,
Drawn on by vague imaginings, maybe,
Of semblance to his personality
In its quaint glooms, keen lights, and rugged trim.

But the praise he would have valued most, for though he was an agnostic nobody believed more profoundly in the worth of human relationships, was Meredith’s tribute after his death: “He was the one man to my knowledge worthy to have married your mother.” And Lowell, when he called him “L.S., the most lovable of men,” has best described the quality that makes him, after all these years, unforgettable.



TO SUNDRY POETS

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

“The new ideal, which we called Imagism, . . . an ideal of form, indifferent to the nature of the subject-matter.”

OF substance for the word,
Of tenet for the creed,
Of meaning to make full the form, you say
There is no need.

Deep runs the hidden fault,
The undetected slur,
Dark heresy, to hold that word and thought
Need not concur.

Give me, when verse is given,
Logic too deep to flee,
Logos that sense hears hiding in the wind,
But mind can see.

Tell me, when music speaks,
And numbers form and flow,
Something the stars have sung you in your sleep,
Something you know.



An Atlantic Story



A Cardiff Irishman who is now teaching at the University of Minnesota, W. B. READY served in the British Army in North Africa, was wounded in Italy, and while convalescing met his wife, then a lieutenant in a Canadian Army Nurse corps. He has already published a number of short stories in the Atlantic, most of them having to do with a high-spirited team of Irish rugger players. The Bruce Publishing Company will bring them out in book form this spring under the title of Barring the Weight.

A COAT FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by W. B. READY

DAN FURLONG, every morning until the children were grown, would wake up around five o'clock and wonder what time it was. The entire household was quite incapable of maintaining a clock in good punctuality. Within a week every clock that they ever obtained would become a liar, so that Dan would miss a shift of work as a result, or the children would be late for school, or Monsignor Phelan would have to talk back to himself at Mass, because his altar boy, Jerry Furlong, had trusted a clock and so was not at the side altar to serve him. Right and left and fore and aft of the Furlongs there were clocks and watches ticking away with monotonous regularity, but somehow they all broke step when the Furlongs got a hold of any of them, so it was to hell with timepieces in that household. Not one of the family would have trusted the sundial in the Vatican gardens, and small blame to them.

Every morning, then, around five o'clock, Dan Furlong would lie awake blinking at the dim ceiling, wondering whether he was early or late or just right. The few warm waking minutes were a great delight to Dan, as they are to most men, and he used to ponder in them. Since the last St. Patrick's Day, when he had worn his herringbone coat, and his companion the Usher had worn his Irish frieze, their sartorial splendor had often been the subject for his pleasant contemplation. For years the two of them had been shabby leaders of the parish contingent for the procession, but now they both possessed coats that would outwear them both. It was a warm, secure feeling.

Then, with a groan, Dan would roll out of bed,

away from his sleeping wife, pull his cricket cap more firmly on his head, for Dan believed that the head deserved a covering just as much as any other part of the sleeping body, straighten his tie, which he wore in bed to keep his throat in good fettle, and stumble across to the window. When he got there he would push it open, draw up a chair, and sit in wait shivering, like a hunter.

Dan would sit like a hunter, and his voice would be his gun. Along the road outside, there would come some gently whirring cyclist on his way to early work. As he passed Dan's window his cycle would often rear like a cow pony before a swaying rattlesnake, for from the window, the until now silently gaping window, there would come a shout like a bullet. It threw normal men from their saddles, and it harmed the feebler ones. Dan always shouted the same thing, for all men in the dark were Joseph to him, so his shout was "Joseph!" and it was a halt sound clear and strong. It never failed.

When the cyclist had picked himself up, and lifted up his vehicle, and had looked around for the projectile voice, Dan would go on in a more normal conversational tone: "What time is it, Joseph?"

There would always be a discernible pause after that. Then from the dismounted rider there would come: "I think it's about five o'clock."

Dan would squirm testily on his seat at that. "Sure I know that. It's about five. If you haven't a watch of your own will you step over to the barber's shop opposite and look at the clock hanging up in the window, there's a good fellow. Here, you can prop your bike up against our railing there."

This rarely led to an altercation, unless it was very wet and stormy. Generally the dismounted one would prop his cycle up, and go across and peer in at the barber's window.

While he was peering Dan was prone to shout at him angrily: "Light a match, man! How in the name of God do you expect to see a clock in the dark?"

After all this, when the time had been given, generally monosyllabically, and the cyclist had driven muttering away, Dan would formally arise. This consisted of taking his tie off and hanging up his cricket cap on a hook behind the bedroom door. Going down, stretching and scratching, wearing his Welsh flannel nightshirt, he would start m-m-m-eeeee and humming quietly to see if his pipes were in good tune, for Dan was very vain about his voice. He used to sing the Offertory motet nearly every Sunday at the High Mass. He really did have a good powerful baritone voice, but it was not deserving of all the attention that Dan gave it.

By the time that he had got the fire going and the bacon fried on the gas stove, and the tea wetted, Dan would be in great shape. The room would be rocking with the reverberations of his voice. The crockery used to dance on the dresser when he put his head back and gave out with his favorite *Ave Verum*. There was a tremulo piece in it, where he got up to *corpus natum de Maria Virgine*, that was so powerful that the children and Mrs. Furlong used to hear it in their sleep, and it would turn them over smiling.

When the Furlongs first moved in, the neighbors on either side of them shouted and beat their walls with hammers until Dan heard them above his own voice, and they begged him to desist. Dan was very contrite about it. He said that in future he would sing sweet and low. After a few days of that the neighbors asked him to go back to full-throated singing, for Dan's low sweet song used to percolate through their walls like a growling menacing sort of thunder, and their dogs and cats would start scratching and whimpering outside their bedroom doors, pleading to be let in; the terrified animals would gnaw the woodwork in their frenzy, thinking that some new and horrifying sort of electric storm was coming up. Now most of the people around groaned, put the light on, and started reading as soon as the first "Joseph!" toppled over the cyclist.

Dan would sing Palestrina or Gregorian chant as he pulled on his moleskin trousers in front of the kitchen fire. Over his head would go his gray singlet and shirt, and around his neck he would wrap his sweat-rag of a scarf. While he was dressing, his mug of tea and his plate of fried bread and bacon would be steaming on the mantelpiece before him. When he had finished his meal, and had a nip of the crayture from the heel of the week-end bottle, he would pull on his reefer jacket and his broken-peaked cap, the uniform of the Cardiff dock-

walloper. Through the kitchen, out through the hallway, he would push his cycle, and holding it against him he would roar a rousing to the still sleeping household. It was a muted roar ever since the milkman Connors said his horse dropped dead outside the Furlongs' the first day that he heard it, but there was still a trumpet-like quality to the blast that got the family stirring. Then out into the still dark and muggy morning Dan would wheel his cycle, to join the converging lines of cyclists who were making for the dock gates.

2

THE way that he mounted his cycle was in the manner of all the dockers. They did not regard cycling as a recreation, but as a means of getting to and from the docks. Their cycles often threw them, and cycles generally were considered something like unfriendly animals. Dan used to prop his cycle up against the curb, walk away a piece, and then come up on it from behind, somehow crawling on, pushing madly at the curb with the foot that was not clawing at the pedal. He would go from side to side of the road in a sort of zigzag until he had gained the mastery, and then he would straighten up and somehow jog along, slowly and shakily.

Whenever he came to a corner he would put his hand out, and would go around it like a plane banking. Every morning he would draw up to the curb at the home of the Usher Casey, and the two of them would slowly ride on together. The Usher was slight and ginger, quiet and gentle, where Dan was loud and burly, truculent, a joker. They had been raised in adjacent houses, they had started squirting water on the tipping coal together, they had become partners as tippers, and they had graduated in the same year to the job of coal-trimming. They knew each other so well that they had little to say to each other as they rode along, but within a few blocks they were surrounded with cycling dockers, and they would all be greeting one another. Unless it was summer it would still be dark and the consequent misdirected hailing could shake the houses that they were passing worse than did the street-cars. In sorting out where Johnny was, or who was sick in Timmy Deasy's house, or where was Larry Ryan, there was a clamor that was louder and less sweet than a pack of hounds in full cry.

The dockers, most of the time that they were talking to themselves, or to one another, had to contend with the clang of boilermaking, or the crashing of tipping coal, or the welding of steel plates, so that even in the quiet early morning streets they contended with the absent noises. If Dan was feeling chipper or there was plenty of work piling up, he was wont to break into a hymn as they neared the dockyard gates, so that the whole ruck of dockers would pedal past the gate custodian to the tune of an *Asperges* or maybe a *Magnificat*.

Since last St. Patrick's Day, however, Dan and the Usher had been feeling so contented that they just jogged along on their cycles, leaving the commotion to the others. All the others were very much of the same pattern as the Usher and Dan. The Mauler Sullivan, years ago, had got the contract for the dock labor on the Cardiff docks, and he had made the Welsh quaysides sound like those of Cork and Waterford and Dublin. There was an instance of one Welshman getting a job of the Mauler. He said that his name was Slavin, so the Mauler hired him. When the dockers found out that his real name was Evans they christened him Shamrock, and he worked among them happily for years. The poor fellow, the bold Shamrock, fell down his own chimney one stormy Christmas Eve, attempting to clear an obstruction that was causing it to smoke, and he broke his neck, and that was the end of him.

"Poor old Shamrock," said Dan Furlong when he heard of it — he was working at the time, all coal-begrimed and sweating — "poor old Shamrock. Not content with becoming an Irishman the social climber had to try to be Father Christmas."

They were an Irish society, and they were as conspicuous among the pervading Welshry as are horses amid city traffic, and just as the horses have no desire to turn themselves into motorcars, the Irish had no desire to change themselves either. They were happy as they were. Especially so were the Usher and Dan since they had got their top-coats, for they had both been needing them and had had no hope of getting them until the very eve of St. Patrick's Day.

3

THE previous winter had been a hard one. With the advent of the thirties fewer and fewer ships were coming in to load up with Welsh steam coal, and the whole area was hit by the depression. Cash buying became a thing of the past, any sort of buying was cut down to a minimum, and such as there was was done on the Kathleen Mavourneen system, the credit system, and indeed God knows that it did look as though it might be for years and it might be forever before all the payments were made. Such credit as the two families possessed was needed for the children's clothing, and then, with no money at all involved, both the Usher and Dan were set up for life with topcoating.

It meant a lot to both of them, since they led the parish men, as their fathers had before them, in the annual St. Patrick's Day procession. Shabby, they felt ashamed, but now, as long as they lived, they knew that they could walk like kings, and so it was that Dan Furlong's spirit was serene when he woke of mornings, and why the two of them were so quiet and so contented at the docks.

In their genteelly tattered despair, as a last

throw, they had turned to their relations, and out of this gamblers' chance had come the coats that were to let them lead the procession like a pair of draggled peacocks for the rest of their walking days, the heartbreak of their households and their own delight.

The Usher had gone to his father, a retired old shipwright. He hated begging, but he wondered whether the old man could see his way clear to putting a down payment on a coat for him. God knows he did not like to ask it. His father had pledged his own house to cover the mortgage of Usher's only a year ago, and the few shillings that he had went on the horses every week, or on the Irish Sweep, hoping for a stake that would send Usher's eldest boy, Willie, through University. Still, the Usher had to tell his plight. The old man stirred a little uneasily at Usher's tale. Then he reached a moment of decision. "Jeremiah," he had said. He alone gave the Usher his proper name. "Jeremiah, I have a top-coat upstairs that I haven't worn since you were a wee one, meaning to leave it to you when I passed on. It's an Irish frieze coat. It was the last one Jerry Coghlan made, thirty years ago, before the shakes cut off his tailoring. They don't make coats like that any more, son. I'll bring it down, so that you can march proudly and properly in my old place, as steward in the procession."

The old man heaved himself up out of his arm-chair, thumped upstairs, and soon returned with the coat. The Usher gasped for air as the camphorated covering hit him, but the old man slit it open and pulled out the coat. It needed an effort on his part to lift it, so heavy was it, and he laid it on the table and stepped back almost reverently for the Usher to look at it.

The Usher gazed at it with respect, then he picked it up and put it on. He buttoned it up, and it buttoned all the way to the neck, in an archaic sort of fashion. It had velvet lapels and collar, and its original black color had become green with age around the shoulders, but it was a great, hardwearing overcoat. When he rubbed the quality of the sleeve the Usher said, and meant it, "Begod, Dad, they don't make coats like this any more." The old man was satisfied with the reception that Usher had accorded what was to be his legacy. There was only one thing wrong with it, as far as the old man could see, and that was that the coat had been made for him, who was a far bigger man than the Usher. He looked at it critically.

"It's a bit on the big side, son," he said, "but no matter. Don't let any of them tailors get their hands on it for alteration. Sure they'd steal some of that stuff off the coat, and put some shoddy stuff back. They're crooks, all of them, since Jerry Coghlan, may the Lord have mercy on him and on all the souls of the faithful, departed. Will you take it with you, son? Or will you leave it here for St. Patrick's Day?"

The Usher could not bear to part with the coat, so he said that he would wear it home, and home he went proudly. There was such a smell of camphor emanating from it that people turned and looked after the Usher as he walked along, but it was little that they could see of him. The coat reached down to his ankles, and the shoulders of Usher kept slipping through the neck of it, so that it was as if a dark-colored bell were swinging along, with wee Usher as the clapper.

He called on Dan on his way home with it. Dan was sitting in the kitchen, with his music in front of him and his pipes going strong as he m-m-meed a new *Introit* for next Sunday. Mrs. Furlong put her face in her hands when she saw the Usher, and hustled the three younger children out into the scullery, where they all started laughing over something. Dan looked at the coat silently. He sat a full minute silently letting the sight of the Usher in his topcoat sink in. Then he said: "By the Sweet and Suffering Man, Usher, you've got a coat there. Begod it's a grand coat, man. You want to work your shoulders a bit to keep the neck of it up, but it's a topcoat the bishop couldn't buy these days."

Dan sighed, and took his spectacles off. He went on: "You know, Usher, God has been good to us. Here we were yesterday a pair of ragged-arsed dockers, and today we both look like a pair of Solomons." He raised his voice. "Jerry, are you studying upstairs there? Can you hear me?" By this time the Usher was holding down the cups that were dancing on the table. "Are you up there, Jerry boy?" Dan winked at the Usher. "Bring down my new topcoat, there's a good lad."

Dan turned to the Usher. "You see, Usher, I've not been idle either. I went around to my brother Joe and put it to him fairly and squarely. You know Joe is doing well with his insurance peddling and only five children. I told Joe that since remembered time the elder Furlong and the elder Casey had marched ahead in the St. Patrick's Day procession, and that it was up to him to lend me a coat. Begod I hadn't put the bite on him since Christmas, and he came through. Wait now, here's Jerry with it, and you'll see it." Dan grinned delightedly as son Jerry brought the coat in, with a schooled straight face. "Begod, Usher, Joe can kiss this coat good-bye. It's a lovely coat, man, too good for Joe. Wait now, till you see me in it."

Dan picked up the coat, which almost shimmered in the electric light. It was a herringbone tweed of such a pattern that only an uninhibited movie director would wear it in this country. Joe was a frustrated artist, and this purchase had been his

last revolt against his bourgeois wife and life. He was glad when Dan called for it, and he lent it for good, so he hoped. Dan put it on. It was a double-breasted coat, and it would have been tight for the Usher, for Joe was a scrawny wee fellow. Dan had to let out his breath to get into it, and then he could fasten only the bottom button. The sleeves were crawling up his arms like live things. He looked expectantly at the Usher, and his expectations were rewarded.

The Usher, standing there in his greening frieze tent of a topcoat, spoke out his admiration. "Bedam now, Dan, that's a fine bold coat. It fits snugly, too. There won't be a pair of such dapper stewards from any of the parishes next Sunday." Away went the Usher, glad that Dan had been lucky too. Nora Casey, the Usher's wife, looked at him when he came in proudly, and her eyes filled with tears, but she said, somehow, "Yes, Usher, that's a grand coat." What else could she say, or what could Mary Furlong say? They were grand coats.

Dan and the Usher led the parade upon the following Sunday. It was the turn of their parish, the dockers' parish, to take the vanguard, and boldly they stepped out. They were all festooned with shamrock that had been blessed and distributed after the morning Masses, and their derby hats were atilt, and they swung their stewards' wands like shillelaghs — and they were wearing their coats. Dan's coat was so tight around him that it made him high-step, and any gust of wind blew the Usher's coat against his legs so that he would have lost his footing if the coat had not borne him up. They were a pair of peacocks all right, although their wives wept quietly as they saw them pass, and their children blushed. The worst apprehensions of their families were not realized, for after the procession they both put away their coats in camphorated wrappings for the next year. They were too good for every Sunday wear.

The coats were a sort of turning point for the Usher and for Dan, and for all the dockers. The work began to pick up, their children started to graduate, the Furlongs got an electric clock that Dan suspected but respected, so that cyclists passed his window unscathed in the mornings. Dan and the Usher and their like were so sure of themselves that they raised their families decently, somehow paid off the Johnny Fortnights until Kathleen Mavourneen came to mean a song again, and through all their dirty hard and dangerous docker work they walked sure-footed to a happy death. Even if they borrowed sometimes they were always good security.



WINTER TREE

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

AGAIN the oak, bare, stripped and barren, brings
More confirmation to the heart than Spring's
Returning green; more courage to refind
The winter-bones of spirit unobscured
By summer-flesh of leaves. The troubled mind
After the Fall's deception, reassured —
After the wind, after the winter storm —
By deep return to discipline of form.

What power hidden in the winter tree
Can set the captive spirit running free,
Following flight of trunk and leap of limb,
Singing through fountain of the branch a hymn,
Spilling through laughter of the twigs in flight
Out to the limitless expanse of light?

Does mortal eye, so trained by mortal frame,
Find in the trees' uplifted boughs the same
Gesture of supplication or of praise
We mortals use, when mortal arms we raise?
Or does the adult mind, remembering
The child's conception of the sky, still cling
To images of God who sits on high?
(We too might reach Him, could we touch the sky!)

Or does the startled spirit recognize
A deeper kinship that the mind denies,
Within the skeletal form of tree concealed,
Symbol of its own struggle find revealed:
A form so contrapuntal and yet pure;
The chosen path, fortuitous, yet sure;
The thrust, the spread, the lift, apparently
So free, and yet tap-rooted in the ground;
The shape, an individual, yet bound
By its generic law: it is a tree.

Does spirit see — even recall, somehow,
The tortured path that's taken by the bough,
Remember as its own, no need to learn,
Each thrust and block and compensating turn
The sap must make in its slow odyssey,
Journey from trunk to twig, from earth to sky?

And does the pattern here not clarify,
Perceived at last in its entirety,
A confirmation of essential trend;
Assurance that the tree does in the end,
In its slow pilgrimage from root to flower,
Pulsing with all of sap's blind, patient power —
Power of faith, of prayer, of prophecy —
Reach in the polar buds the open sky?



Artist and author, OSBERT LANCASTER employed both his talents in his delightful parody of the *Crusades*, *The Saracen's Head*, which the *Atlantic* serialized in 1948. Now in his new book, *There'll Always Be a Drayneflete*, of which this is an abridgment, he is satirizing those oversimplified booklets of rural England in which the local historians take such pride. This is straight-faced comedy as the English love to play it. Mr. Lancaster is the author and illustrator of several books, including *Progress at Pelvis Bay* and *Classical Landscape with Figures*.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE

by OSBERT LANCASTER

FEW towns in England can boast so long a continuous history as Drayneflete. From the earliest times human habitations of one sort or another have clustered along the north bank of the River Drayne at the highest point, where this shallow but treacherous stream is easily fordable. Or perhaps even earlier, for it is conceivable, though admittedly there is little to suggest it, that primitive man dwelt here before even there was a river at all, at a time when France and England were joined by a land bridge and vast mammoths and saber-toothed tigers prowled through the tropical undergrowth where now stands Marks and Spencers.

However that may be, we do know that early in the Bronze Age Drayneflete was already an important settlement on the great trackway from the Thames to the coast that has been known at various times as Wiggling Way, the Via Hernia, and A 999. Interesting evidence of the high level of "the Drayneflete culture" (as it has come to be known) was afforded by the discovery some years ago, during the rebuilding of the Fever Hospital on Drayneflete Down, of a long barrow. Workmen, little realizing the importance of their treasure-trove, unearthed some broken pots, a string of beads, and a quantity of clay cylinders of undetermined purpose, all lying mingled with a quantity of human bones. The find was immediately recorded (see the *Proceedings of the Drayneflete Archaeological Society*, Volume XXXII, pp. 85-97), but it was not until the various objects had been submitted to the expert analysis of Professor Spiggot of London University and Dr. Flackenbacker of Yale that their full significance was realized.

The occupant of the grave was, it appears, a local chieftain, middle-aged, five foot seven in height and markedly dolichocephalic. He was married, but not happy in his home life, suffered from stomach ulcers and an impacted wisdom tooth, and died as a

result of a sharp blow over the left ear. He had probably fallen on his head as a child and was certainly devoted to his dog, a crossbred mastiff, eight hands in height with a badly damaged tail.

The pottery was hand-turned of a fairly common type indicative of cultural contacts with the lower Meuse and probably did not hold water. The beads were imported from the Baltic and subject to a heavy purchase tax which indicates that the Drayneflete community was comparatively wealthy. The clay cylinders of very peculiar shape were at one time thought to be primitive lace-bobbins, but as there is no evidence of lacemaking at this early date Professor Flackenbacker is probably correct in saying that they played an important part in some fertility rite.

The development of Drayneflete during the Middle Ages was inseparably bound up with that of the institutions of the Church, and the most prominent remaining monuments of this age are all, as elsewhere, ecclesiastical. At the time of the Conquest there already existed a stone-built church, dedicated, curiously enough, to St. Sorbo, a saint of whom virtually nothing is known, but whose name has been thought by some to indicate a Celtic origin, while others have attempted to identify him (or her) with St. Sambo, a holy man alleged to have been popular in Asia Minor in the fifth century and traditionally held to have been the Ethiopian eunuch baptized by St. Philip. This church, which had replaced one built by Filthfroth the Brisling (probably destroyed in Viking raids), was itself superseded by a new structure in the Norman style erected towards the end of the eleventh century. All that now remains of the pre-Conquest shrine is the base of the west tower and one Saxon window of two lights of rude and primitive workmanship. The Norman church consisted of a single aisle and a chancel with a rounded apse.

At the very end of the thirteenth century a further rebuilding took place: the south wall was pierced to form an arcade of pointed arches rising on clustered shafts giving on to the new aisle, and the chancel was rebuilt in its present form with an east window of three pointed lancets. A little more than a century later new windows in a style midway between Decorated and Perpendicular were inserted in the south aisle and shortly afterwards two stories were added to the tower which, when completed, with an openwork balustrade and pinnacles in the Perpendicular style, must have made a very striking addition to all views of the town. Unfortunately "Lord Littlehampton's Stump," as it was popularly called locally, did not long survive, being totally destroyed in the great storm of 1608. After the close of the Middle Ages an addition was made to the church in the shape of the north aisle erected by Sir Pompey Fidgett to accommodate his family tombs in the degraded Gothic of the early seventeenth century.



An interesting old corbel (late fourteenth century) in the south aisle of the Parish Church.

The parish church, however, was neither the sole nor the most prominent ecclesiastical building in the town. Late in the thirteenth century a house of Augustinian Canons was established on the banks of the Drayne, just outside the North Gate, which continued to flourish and expand up to the time of the Dissolution. Today, alas, all that remains is the exquisite Gateway at the northeast corner of the Market Place known as Prior Bloodwort's Lodging, with its great paneled solar above the archway, now occupied by the offices of the Regional Petroleum Officer.

Prior Bloodwort, of whom a lifelike statue, now in the Museum, stood in the niche to the west of the arch until it was removed to make way for the present traffic lights in 1935, played a prominent role in the local history. On traditionally bad terms with the townsmen, he gained their undying hatred by appropriating, in addition to the rights of ullage, socage, and *jus primae noctis* (exercised, naturally, by a lay deputy), the tolls on the bridge over the River Drayne. Against this unwarrantable extension of the Church's claims the townspeople long protested in vain, and it was not until they were in a position to inform against him to the High Sheriff that he was eventually undone. Unfortunately for him he was unable to answer charges that he had illegally suppressed a prosecution for short-weight baking against a local firm in return for a considera-

tion, and although it was never proved that he received any more than a pork pasty and half a bottle of sack, he was removed from his office by the Chancellor of the Diocese.

Prior Bloodwort's Lodging, although the sole architectural, is not the only remaining treasure of Draynefleete Abbey. Better known, by far, is the delightful Draynefleete Carol, which was composed by an anonymous member of the community in the early fourteenth century and is now preserved in the British Museum (Draynefleete MSS. No. 6089-10-11) and was first sung on the occasion of a Yuletide visit to Draynefleete of the young Richard II. Although it has already been the subject of twenty-one talks in the Third Program by Professor Harpsbaum, I print it here in full for the benefit of readers who may still be unacquainted with this exquisite gem of Middle English prosody.

Alle littel childer syng
Prayses to our yonge Kyng
Some syng sherpe and some syng flat
Alma Mater Exeat.

Alle engels in ye skie
Maken loude melodie
With sackbut, organ, pipe and drum
Ad Terrorem Omnium.

Ye povre beastes in ye stalle,
Alack, they cannot syng at alle
Ne cock ne henne of either sexe
De Minimis Non Curat Lex.¹

Of the secular remains of medieval Draynefleete virtually nothing remains. Gone is the exquisite old Custard Cross where the market price of custards (or costards) was regularly fixed by the master of the Custard Makers' Guild, and the memory of it survives only in a few rare seventeenth-century engravings; gone is the beautiful old Moot Hall, wantonly destroyed at the end of the seventeenth century to make way for a heavy and ill-proportioned building in the Renaissance style; gone the fine fourteenth-century hall of the Worshipful Company of Drumstretchers.

Of all the treasures of medieval Draynefleete, that of which the disappearance is to be, perhaps, most deeply regretted is the old Fidget House, a miracle of half-timbering and carved newel posts which stood, until well into the eighteenth century, up against the Prior's Lodging.

The remarkable family of Fidget, or ffigett, can boast a longer connection with the town than any other. The first Figet (or Fidget) of whom we have any record is Master Humfrey Figet, whose effigy in brass lies in the south aisle of the Parish Church. The old theory that he was the son of a pawnbroker and "contact man" for Prior Bloodwort has long

¹ The earliest known tune attached to this carol is generally attributed to Myrffyn ap Hwdda, who was beaten to death with a lyre by a rival competitor at a late sixteenth-century Eisteddfod.

since been disproved by the researches of the late Miss Dracula Parsley-ffigett, who has conclusively shown that he came of a very ancient Welsh family of gentle birth. By the middle of the fifteenth century he was already the most prominent local citizen, being Master of the Custard Makers, twice Mayor, and finally for a short time High Sheriff of the County. However, the great days of the family date from the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, when Master Humfrey's grandson Sir Jonas Fidget received a grant of Drayneflete Priory from the King.

The most important result of the reform of religion in Drayneflete was the disappearance of the Priory and the erection on its site (and with much of its materials) of the magnificent Tudor mansion of the Fidgets, happily still standing on the banks of the Drayne. A sincere friend of the reformed faith, except for a short period under Queen Mary, Sir Jonas Fidget played no small role in the glorious history of his times. Although he took no active part in the many voyages and explorations which rendered memorable the reign of the Virgin Queen, by financing, at a very reasonable rate of interest, numerous contemporary expeditions, he is entitled to a full share in the triumphs and glories of this great period of English history. Dying at a very advanced age, "from a surfeit of apricocks" according to the chronicler of the time, he was succeeded by his son, Sir Pompey Fidget.

Sir Pompey, the first baronet, had a distinguished military career in the Low Countries, where he trailed a pike in the Field Security Police, and was responsible for the apprehension of many dangerous characters in our own ranks suspected of halfhearted acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles or of communicating with Jesuits. For his loyal services he was created a baronet and privileged to entertain his Sovereign at Fidget Priory, an honor which cost him almost as much as he had made out of the confiscations imposed on the traitors whom he had denounced. He was four times married, and lies beneath a handsome monument in the chapel which he added to the Parish Church. This effigy, which is a very fine example of contemporary sculpture, gains added interest from the presence of his faithful hound, a feature which Mrs. Esdaile regards as almost unique at this period and which makes the

monument very popular with visitors, many of whom have signed their names in indelible pencil on the animal's hindquarters.

Of his numerous offspring the most notable was his third son, Hezekiah, who left his native country during the last part of King James's reign, after a series of financial reverses, for the New World, where he founded the town of Drayneflete, New Hampshire, and where his family is today worthily represented by Senator Wilbur P. Fidgett V.

Of the other Drayneflete worthies of the seventeenth century the most illustrious was probably that strange character, Dr. Ezekiel Peppercorn, who is today best remembered for his discovery of the medicinal properties of the lesser bindweed, and his ingenious, though never realized, project for a silent flush. In his own day his fame largely rested on his great work, *Hydrophilie or the Properties of the Fourth Element Explained, to which is appended an exact account of the marvellous great Privy in King Solomon's Temple*. He it was who was responsible for the notorious Drayneflete Water Riots in 1632. On this occasion a handsome new pump, the gift to the town of Sir Jeremy Fidget, who had long been anxious to provide his fellow citizens with a purer supply of drinking water than that afforded by the River Drayne, was totally demolished by an angry mob inflamed by the eloquence of Dr. Peppercorn, who had preached for two and a half hours on the text "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" This remarkable character, who lived for fifty-six years in a house still standing, in Pump Court, finally died of a dropsy in his eightieth year and was buried in the church. In 1925 a memorial plaque was placed on No. 2 Pump Court by the Municipality and unveiled by the Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board.

The most remarkable of the existing buildings of the seventeenth century is the *King's Head Inn* in the Market Place. It is known that an ale-house had stood on this site from very early times, but no part of the present structure, which has undergone numerous alterations in the intervening years, is older than the mid-seventeenth century. Of the distinguished travelers who have from time to time lain beneath its hospitable roof the name is legion. Although there is no mention of it in his diary,



Sir Pompey Fidget; the effigy on his tomb in the Fidget Chapel in the Parish Church.

there is a firm tradition that Samuel Pepys frequently stopped here on his way to Dover, and one of the bedrooms still bears his name. Likewise it has long been believed that it was at the *King's Head* that General Wolfe spent his last night in England, and a copy of Gray's *Elegy* which he is said to have left



Draynefleete: general view of the town in the mid-seventeenth century from a painting by the younger Truyp, formerly in the Littlehampton collection, now in the Art Gallery.

behind is still preserved in the Smoking Room. (Albeit as it is the 1810 edition it is just possible that the general's own copy may perhaps have been purloined at some period and a substitution effected.)

Of considerable importance to the life and development of the town at this date was the arrival of the fourth Lord Littlehampton at Draynefleete Castle. This massive pile, which had been erected on the bank of the Drayne shortly after the Conquest, had remained in the possession of the de Cowgumber family until the extinction of the male line on the execution of Sir Thomas de Cowgumber, his cousin Lord Cowgumber, and his five brothers on Tower Hill in 1533. It then passed through the female line into the family of Lord Littlehampton, who continued, however, to reside on their old Sussex estate at Courantsdair.

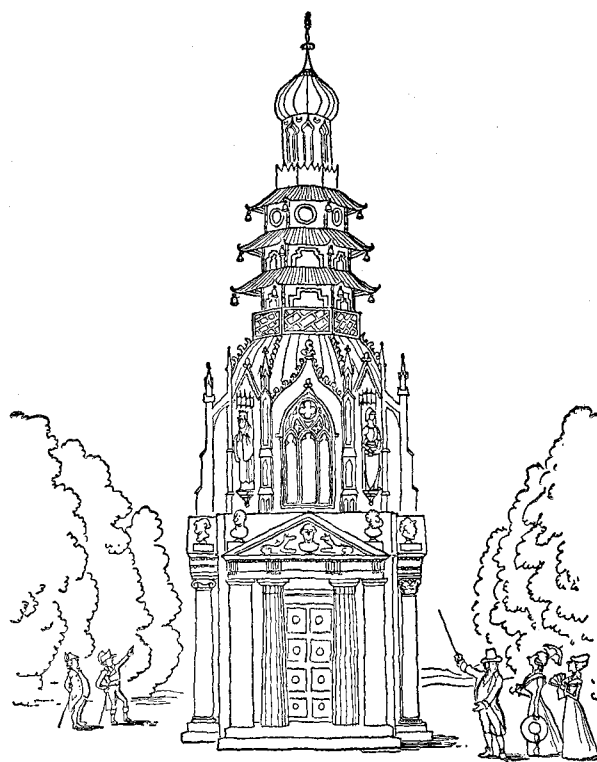
In 1672, however, the then Lord Littlehampton (the "Wicked Lord") decided to leave his castle at Courantsdair and reside at Draynefleete, whence he could more easily reach his town house in Covent Garden. He at once set about improving his property and planned a mansion that was to rival in size Castle Howard or Seaton Delaval. Unfortunately funds ran out and only the central block was ever finished — which must, adjacent to the medieval ruins, have presented a very bizarre appearance.

The eighteenth century at Draynefleete was a time of rapid expansion during which the appearance of the town was considerably modified. Many of the splendid old timber houses were ruthlessly torn down and replaced by the square brick boxes which were the century's principal contribution to domestic architecture. Among the more important

survivals from this period should be noted the Corn Exchange in Market Street, half of which is still fortunately standing alongside Messrs. Pixol's new showrooms; the old Rectory, a fine red-brick mansion in the style of Sir Christopher Wren just behind the Church, which now houses the Draynefleete Museum and Art Gallery (*Open every day from ten till four. Entrance 6d., special terms for schools*); and an equestrian statue of William of Orange removed in 1897, to make way for the statue of Queen Victoria, to a new site behind the Town Hall.

The greatest of the many illustrious figures connected with Draynefleete during the period was undoubtedly Alexander, second Earl and eleventh Baron Littlehampton, the grandson of the "Wicked Lord." A man of wide culture and great sensibility, he devoted himself throughout a long life to the promotion of literature and the arts. The splendid collection of pictures that he formed has rendered his name familiar to all lovers of painting, and his enlightened patronage supported numerous poets, architects, and landscape gardeners during their struggling years, and in some cases long after they had ceased to struggle.

In his lifetime Draynefleete Castle was twice completely rebuilt, first in the Palladian and then in the Gothic style. He it was who was responsible for "Lord Littlehampton's Folly," an architectural curiosity expressly designed to display correct examples of all the five great schools of architecture. On ground level was a square pavilion from the façades of which projected classical porticoes, in the Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, and Tuscan orders re-



Lord Littlehampton's Folly

spectively, adorned with numerous busts of Vitruvius, Palladio, Inigo Jones, and other worthies. On this rested a Gothic octagon, pierced with traceried windows and sustained by flying buttresses, supporting a three-storied Chinese pagoda that terminated in a cupola in the Hindu taste. Under the whole structure was an Egyptian crypt. Completed in 1799, this curious freak remained intact until the night of its noble builder's death, when the Oriental or uppermost sections were struck by lightning at the very hour when Lord Littlehampton was breathing his last. The Gothic octagon survived until 1923, when it was removed as being unsafe; while the classical pavilion on the ground floor remained comparatively intact until it was taken over by an AA battery as living quarters for the ATS in 1941. Today all that remains is the Egyptian crypt, which rendered yeoman service as an air-raid shelter for the inmates of the County Lunatic Asylum throughout the "blitz."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the main road to the coast was practically unflanked by buildings after it crossed the river by the old bridge, and a ten-minute walk from the Market Place in this direction was sufficient to take the traveler into virgin country. A little more than a mile from the bridge there was a crossroads at which stood a single poor inn opposite the recently completed walls of Lord Littlehampton's great park. The second Earl, "Sensibility Littlehampton" as he was known, at the time of the second rebuilding of Drayneffete Castle conceived the kindly idea of building a small Gothic Lodge at this corner of his estate for his friend and protégé, the poet Jeremy Tipple. It was the long residence of this celebrated bard in this villa which first gained for the crossroads the appellation "Poet's Corner," and it was here that he wrote his immortal *The Contemplative Shepherd*, a poem of some fifteen thousand lines of which I can, alas, only quote a small selection. The passage chosen is of particular topographical interest as the landscape described is today almost entirely covered by the municipal sewage farm.

Th'enamelled meadows that can scarce contain
The gentle windings of the limpid Drayne
Full oft have seen me, wandering at dawn
As birds awaken and the startled fawn
Leaps from her mossy bed with easy grace
On catching sight of my indulgent face.
Deep in some crystal pool th'enamoured trout
Frolics and wantons up a lichened spout
By which the stream, in many a sparkling rill,
Is made by art to turn a water-mill.
At last the sluggard Phoebus quits his bed
And bares the glory of his fiery head;
Now all the world assumes an aspect new
And Nature blushes neath the mantling dew.
E'en yonder mossy walls and em'rald sward
The home of Littlehampton's puissant lord,
The ancient fastness of a warrior race
Regards these marches with a kindlier face. . . .

By 1820 both the poet and his patron were dead. Owing to the slump at the end of the Napoleonic Wars, coupled with a bad run of luck at Crockfords, the nephew and successor of the second Earl ("Sensibility Littlehampton" had never married) had been forced to sell land for development, and a row of gentlemen's villas to the design of Mr. Papworth had been erected alongside Poet's Corner, while a bailiff's cottage in the Rustic style was erected on the further side of the inn some years later.

The Gothic Villa itself was now in the possession of Miss Amelia de Vere, the only child of the poet's married sister, Sophonisba, who had long kept house for her brother. Along with the house, Miss Amelia had inherited much of her uncle's poetic gift, although at first this was only revealed to a small



Miss Amelia de Vere

circle of intimate friends. After, however, the anonymous publication of her *Lines on the Late Massacre at Chios*, which sounded like a tocsin throughout Liberal Europe, her fame was assured. It is not, alas, possible, nor indeed is it probably necessary, to quote this celebrated work in full, but the two opening stanzas will serve to demonstrate both the fearless realism of the gentle poetess and her exceptional command of local color, a command the more extraordinary in that she never, save for a brief visit to Tunbridge Wells, traveled more than ten miles from Drayneffete in all her life.

O hark to the groans of the wounded and dying,
Of the mother who casts a last lingering look
At her infant aloft, understandably crying,
Impaled on the spear of a *Bashi Bazook*.

O see where the vultures are patiently wheeling
As the *scimitars* flash and the *yataghans* thud
On innocent victims, vainly appealing
To dreaded *Janissaries* lusting for blood.

However, although Miss de Vere may have never, save in imagination, set eyes on distant parts, she was afforded many a complete change of scene on her own doorstep in the course of an extraordinarily long life.

On the death of Miss de Vere, Poet's Corner passed to her nephew, Mr. Casimir de Vere Tipple, in whom the poetic gift, so constant in this remarkable family, burned, if not with renewed vigor, certainly with a "hard gem-like Flame." His contributions appeared regularly in *The Yellow Book*, and were published in a slim volume by the Bodley Head under the title *Samphire and Sardonyx*. Unfortunately he did not long enjoy his property as he was forced, for private reasons, to live abroad from 1895 onwards and thenceforth resided on Capri in a charming villa where his great social gifts and exquisite hospitality will still be remembered by many visitors.

After the departure of Mr. de Vere Tipple the Poet's Corner was let on a long lease to a firm of monumental masons. A further great change in the appearance of the neighborhood occurred when, shortly before the 1914 war, Messrs. Pinks, the

horse buses at the turn of the century, and the subsequent increase in traffic due to the coming of the internal-combustion engine.

However, the poetic tradition of the locality was not even yet extinct. On his death in 1929 Mr. de Vere Tipple left this valuable corner site to his favorite nephew, then at Oxford, Guillaume de Vere Tipple, who had already made a name for himself by the publication of *Feux d'artifice* (Duckworth, 1927), a collection of verse astonishing in its maturity, of which we quote a single poem, *Aeneas on the Saxophone*.

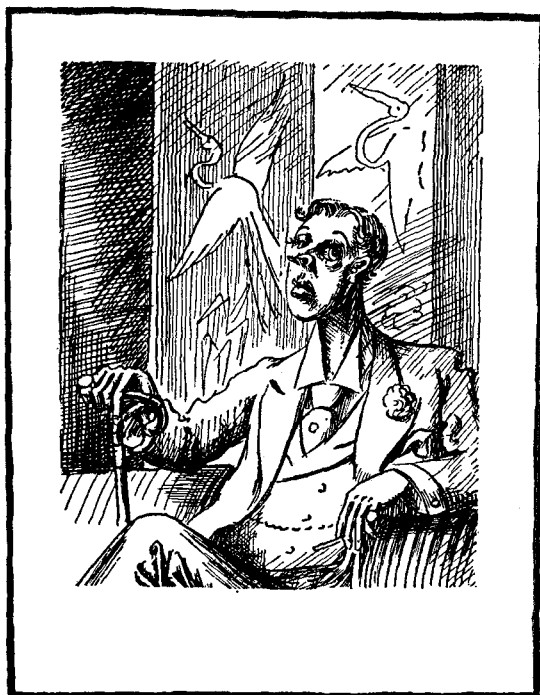
AENEAS ON THE SAXOPHONE

. . . Delenda est Carthago!
(ses bains de mer, ses plages fleuries,
And Dido on her lilo à sa proie attachée)
And shall we stroll along the front
Chatting of this and that and listening to the band?
The plumed and tufted sea responds
Obliquely to the trombone's call
The lecherous seaweed's phallic fronds
Gently postulate the Fall.
But between the pebble and the beach rises the doubt,
. . . Delenda
Between the seaside and the sea the summons,
. . . est
Between the wagon and the *lit* the implication,
. . . Carthago.

In the years between the wars the whole character of the district was still further altered.

Today Poet's Corner is up for sale: its owner, Bill Tipple, who on the outbreak of war had been a conscientious objector, but who, on hearing the news of the invasion of Russia, experienced a complete change of heart and immediately joined the Drayneflete section of the National Fire Service, is absent for long periods abroad in his capacity of organizing secretary of the World Congress of International Poets in Defense of Peace.

The long Littlehampton connection with the town is now a thing of the past; the great race of Ffidgetts is extinct. But their spirit lives on and their successors on the Borough Council are determined that the Drayneflete tradition shall at all costs be maintained. But whatever the future may hold in store let the visitor reflect, as he goes round the Museum, as he inspects the magnificent collection of Ffidgett portraits in the Art Gallery (bequeathed to the town in 1948 by the late Miss Dracula Parsley-ffigett), as he wanders in the old-world Market Place, as he paces the banks of the "limpid Drayne" — let him reflect on the men and women who through the ages have all played their part in making Drayneflete what it is today, and see to it that we, their heirs, shall prove ourselves worthy of so goodly a heritage.



Casimir de Vere Tipple, Esq. From a drawing by Jacques Émile Blanche. Reproduced by kind permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.

drapers, entirely rebuilt their premises and a confectioner's occupied the space between them and the Poet's Corner.

The secluded quiet of this once shady nook was further interrupted by the substitution of trams for



In the storm of praise and blame which British socialized medicine has blown up on this side of the Atlantic, the findings of independent experts have been all too scarce. For the past twenty-seven years DR. JAMES HOWARD MEANS has been Jackson Professor of Clinical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School and Chief of the Medical Services at the Massachusetts General Hospital. In his repeated visits to Britain he has come to have a close knowledge of British hospitals and clinics, and in 1949 he made his most recent trip of inspection.

ENGLAND'S PUBLIC MEDICINE: THE FACTS

by JAMES HOWARD MEANS, M.D.

I

I HOLD no brief either for or against the British National Health Service, but I firmly believe that information about its success or failure will ultimately prove to be of great value to us in our own country. We have problems in this field to solve ourselves. We can be aided by the experience of others.

Americans either hold up the British Health Service as a horrible warning or use it as a talking point in favor of compulsory health insurance for the United States. Neither of these positions can be regarded as objective or realistic. What is needed is less recrimination and more investigation, and the first question to be put is, How is the system serving Britain? On my visit to England and Scotland last year I chatted with many people, both medical and nonmedical, I visited clinics, and I read a variety of British newspapers and journals. Some of the people I talked with were friends of many years' standing, the value of whose opinions I am sure I know accurately. Others were new, and some were chance acquaintances. Since returning home I have kept up a brisk correspondence on the subject.

I started off with the steward and stewardess aboard ship going over: both are English; both live in Liverpool. The steward was strongly in favor of the Health Service; the stewardess was against it. Both were working people, but one belonged to the Labor Party, the other to the Tory. This even split, it soon became evident, was no accurate indication of how the British people as a whole view the Health Service. There can be no doubt whatever that, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, the vast majority of the people are for it.

The attitude of the doctors, however, is very different. Among them there is undoubtedly much discontent. This runs all the way from trifling dissatisfaction to something approaching actual hostility. A very small number are enthusiastic pro-

ponents of the service. Organized medicine in Britain, represented by the British Medical Association, fought certain provisions of the National Health Service Act vigorously, but did not oppose its basic principles in any such uncompromising fashion as the American Medical Association has resisted any and all proposed legislation for a national health program here at home.

In Britain at the present time, the Health Service being a *fait accompli*, I found it to be practically the unanimous opinion of all with whom I talked, doctor and layman alike, that it is there to stay, regardless of the outcome of February's general election. The problem is how to improve it to the point where it is, for everyone, fit to live with.

The actual direction which the development of Britain's National Health Service has taken was conditioned to a considerable degree by the war. When, in 1940, invasion of Britain became imminent and aerial bombardment certain, an integrated emergency medical service (EMS) for the entire realm, to take care of military and civilian wounded and sick, was rapidly set up under the wartime powers of the government. The system devised made use of all hospital and professional services in the United Kingdom. Each individual, each unit, was assigned an area of responsibility — a particular function in relation to the whole. First aid, dispensary service, and hospitalization were systematized and services distributed so as to become universally available. Channels for the evacuation of sick and wounded were established. Though set up hurriedly, the EMS worked with great smoothness and success. Forced upon Britain by the war, it set the pattern for, and accelerated the tempo of, the socialization of medicine.

The main intent of the act which brought the National Health Service into existence on July 5, 1948, is to provide complete medical care for all

people, to promote health, and to prevent disease. The training of professional personnel and the conduct of research are both recognized as essential to the success of the plan, and although these are primarily still in the hands of the universities, there is extensive interlocking with the Health Service at the level of the teaching hospitals. In a socialist state it becomes an obligation of government to ensure the production of a sufficient number of optimally trained physicians and surgeons and other professional personnel; also to see that medical knowledge is advanced to the greatest possible extent through research. In our more conservative democracy these functions have been left to a considerable degree to private enterprise. With us, the Federal or the state governments take some, but by no means complete, responsibility for them.

Although intended to provide medical care for all people (even aliens temporarily in the country) the Health Service is not compulsory; any person or any doctor can remain out of it. Doctors may serve under it and also engage in private practice, if they can find any. Medical care in Britain today is on a basis analogous to that of primary and high school education with us. All are entitled to it without direct payment but are not compelled to take it. As we may send our children to private schools, so Britons may go to private practitioners of medicine if they wish, and can afford, to do so. But as we pay for education in this country through taxes, whether we send our children to private or public schools, so do British citizens pay for the Health Service through taxes¹ whether they use it or not. Harley Street in London and its equivalents in provincial cities seem as full of doctors' offices as ever, and a considerable volume of private practice is going on in them. However, the doctors with whom I talked were convinced that it would slowly diminish until it might reach the vanishing point.

2

FINAL responsibility for the administration of the entire Health Service rests with the Minister of Health, a cabinet officer appointed by the Prime Minister and therefore likely, as with us, to be replaced with each change in the government. The present Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan — one of Winston Churchill's pet antipathies — while by no means the originator of the concept of a unified national health service, was nonetheless to a considerable extent the architect of the present act. Of it in 1946 he said, "We have just passed through Parliament the greatest single health measure of our history. We are facing, at this moment, the monumental task of putting it into operation. We are trying to secure that in future the medical and

¹ A small fraction of the expense of the Health Service is met through payroll deductions in the case of employed persons, and from compulsory contributions by employers.

health resources of the country are available to everybody in a rational and organized way, irrespective of personal means. But the availability of the health services is not our only object; we are also aiming at their improvement and expansion. This will not be achieved in a moment; it will require a great deal of hard work, and it will require the intelligent coöperation of the public."

He might have added "and of the medical profession," but he didn't, and there, I gather, lies a considerable portion of the rub. The majority of doctors with whom I talked had the feeling that Bevan had consulted the profession inadequately in drawing up his plans. This has embittered them rather extensively. It is not health acts in general to which they are opposed, but this particular one, which they think was set up in a bungling manner.

From the Minister of Health extend three main ramifications of administrative responsibility — namely, those of hospitals, general practice, and local health authority. The classification of hospitals and doctors under the act needs elucidation. Hospitals in Britain, as with us, prior to the inauguration of the National Health Service, fell into three major categories: voluntary hospitals, municipal hospitals, and private or commercial hospitals — generally called "nursing homes." The so-called voluntary hospitals, such as Guy's or Saint Bartholomew's in London, are the equivalent of our privately endowed charity hospitals, such as the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the Presbyterian in New York, or the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. The voluntary hospitals are the ancient hospitals of Britain; originally run by the Church, they later became secular charitable enterprises. It is in them for the most part that medical education has been conducted.

For the administration of the government-owned hospitals, England and Wales have been divided into fourteen hospital regions, each based on a university medical school. In Scotland, which has an independent but similar national health service, there are six regions. The administrative control of the Scottish system lies in the Secretary of State for Scotland. Each region has a regional hospital board appointed by the Minister to govern hospital affairs.

On July 5, 1948, the ownership of all voluntary and municipal hospitals was transferred to the Minister of Health. The nursing homes were left out, I have no doubt with the expectation that they will gradually wither on the vine.

It must be remembered that at the end of the war the voluntary hospitals were close to bankruptcy. Something had to be done about them, and done fast. The hospitals and the doctors at the head of them were swept along in the process of socialization then taking place in Britain.

The doctors of Britain under the Health Act are classified into four categories: (1) general practi-

tioners, (2) a large and diverse group of hospital doctors, consultants, and specialists, (3) full-time clinical teachers, and (4) medical officers of health and their associates in the local health authorities.

In the promotion of health and the attack upon disease, the general practitioners are the front-line troops. Each general practitioner has a list of persons in his area who have joined the Health Service, who have chosen him to be their doctor. Such a practitioner is paid by the government so much a head per year for every name on his panel. He is allowed to take up to 4000 persons. In our country this number would usually be considered excessive. To them he must render complete general practitioner service. The patients under this system are entitled to free medicine, which they can get on the doctor's prescription only.

Does the patient have any choice of physician? Yes, to a certain extent. So far as possible he is allowed to choose among the doctors in his area, but obviously in any area ultimately the total number of patients must be assigned among the available doctors in some reasonable proportion. The doctor is not obliged to receive any patient on his panel that he doesn't want, nor is the patient compelled to remain with a doctor he does not like. No troublesome obstacles are placed in the way of patients wishing to change doctors. General practitioners also are allowed to take on as private patients any persons *not* enrolled on their panels and charge them fees for service.

When the general practitioner encounters something he cannot handle, he transfers the patient via a hospital to one of the doctors of the class which I have numbered 2. This class includes the great group of practitioners who under the previous regime were on the staffs of voluntary or municipal hospitals. They made their living in whole or in part in private practice, chiefly of a specialist or consulting character — they were the Harley Street type of doctor. Under the National Health Service they function much as before, but they are paid by the government for everything they do for the service. They are based on hospitals and see their public patients as arranged by the hospital administration. This duty may be in ward or dispensary (out-patient department); or when necessary, arrangements can be made through the hospital for the consultant to see a patient with a general practitioner in the patient's home, and this type of domiciliary service is proving very helpful for a class of society to which it was not formerly available.

Payment of the consultant-specialist class of doctors is not on a panel system, it is on a time basis. The word "session" has been employed as the unit of work for doctors of this class. A "session" is half a day's work once a week per year. It may consist of any kind of professional work which this type of doctor is called upon to do — consulting, operating, or teaching.

Doctors are free to choose how many sessions they will serve, up to a total of eleven, and for each they receive a flat rate per annum. A doctor taking nine and a half sessions or more is considered to have an adequate wage without the necessity of supplementing it with private practice. There are a few doctors who have stayed out of the Health Service altogether and still succeed in making a living on the old private practice basis, but they are excluded from all the nationalized hospitals — which is, from the point of view of keeping educated, a great handicap. There are a larger number who fall between these extremes, and carry on some public and some private practice.

A very significant item in the over-all administration plan of the Health Service is that those hospitals which have been designated as teaching hospitals have been put in a special category. In England and Wales they are not directly under the regional hospital boards (in Scotland they are), but instead have their own boards of governors, which are appointed by joint action of the university concerned, the hospital staff, and the regional board.

This arrangement is to be interpreted as a consciousness on the part of the drafters of the plan of the fundamental necessity of preserving a measure of academic freedom in medical education, and of protecting it against any kind of political influence. My observations would indicate that this objective so far has been attained. It is through the teaching hospitals that the universities and the National Health Service find themselves engaged in a joint enterprise. The universities beyond this are not related to the Minister of Health. They as yet have not been nationalized.

Research is done chiefly in the university medical schools and the teaching hospitals as with us, although the Health Act gives every regional hospital board and every hospital management committee the power to initiate research and through a separate amenity fund to spend money on research.

It is interesting, however, that the most important research organization in the country, the Medical Research Council, is not under the Minister of Health at all. It is administered through the Privy Council, a separate department of the government. The Medical Research Council was set up in this way during the First World War, and was not changed when the Health Service came into being after the Second.

3

THE Health Service is working — that much is fact — but how well? Fairly well, but far from perfectly would be my judgment. Its success or lack of success, for want of an adequate frame of reference or control, cannot be measured quantitatively. One can only attempt to find out whether the British people are getting good, bad, or indifferent medical

care under the National Health Service, or whether post-war Britons are getting as good service out of their medical system as pre-war Britons did out of theirs. One cannot expect to discover whether, as things are now in Britain, the service provided under the National Health Act is better or worse than that which might be provided under some other type of system.

I have had opportunities occasionally to observe the work in the great British hospitals over a period extending back to 1913, and what I saw this past summer gives me the impression that there has been no important change, certainly no deterioration in the quality of care provided. At no time in Britain, in the United States, or in any other country has the practice of medicine been as uniformly good as the medical knowledge of the time would permit it to be. There is always abundant room for improvement. To those tub thumpers of organized medicine in the United States who rant about our having the best medical service in the world, I would say, "Possibly, but how many people get it?" Not many, I am sure. In both countries either now or in the past, there is, or has been, good, bad, and chiefly indifferent medicine. To evaluate a national medical system we need to know the over-all standard of medical practice provided under it. I am unable to assert that the general standard is higher in Britain under the National Health Act than it was before that went into effect; but, on the other hand, I have encountered no convincing evidence that it is lower, and certainly more people get it.

There are many "bugs" to be got out of the Health Service — after all, it has been going for only nineteen months. Doubtless in time they will be got out, and the service will improve accordingly. Right now an amending bill is on its way through Parliament which will correct a number of the faults already found in the act. One of the most crying needs is to improve the lot of the general practitioner. He is today unquestionably overworked, underpaid, and insufficiently related to hospitals. But these abuses are correctable. One of the sorest points is that dentists are making about double what the general practitioners of medicine are. This is partly due to the fact that dentists are paid by the job, whereas general practitioners of medicine are paid on a capitation basis.

Abuse by patients of their privilege to see the doctor is another difficulty. Since it costs them nothing, they go, it is claimed, oftener than is necessary. There is reason to believe that this situation will be rectified. A token fee for each visit might be imposed, sufficient to put on a slight brake without vitiating significantly the principle of free care. Recently a charge of one shilling, not for visits to the doctor but for prescriptions written by him, has been imposed. Whether this will serve a useful purpose is not yet clearly discernible.

A great clamor has been made about free eye-

glasses, free dentures, and even, in certain cases, free wigs, provided by the Health Service. Certainly there has been a colossal demand for these props to health. But is that fact a just criticism of the Health Service? All it would seem to mean, when viewed dispassionately, is that under the previous system there were great numbers of people who needed these prosthetic appliances and could not afford to get them. The stories of abuses of these privileges I am convinced are exaggerations, and I am assured that steps are being taken to eliminate such abuse as does exist.

One of the important elements of the program is the development throughout the country of local health centers. These will be primarily to implement and facilitate the work of general practitioners. They will even provide them in many instances with office space.

The difficulty is that the health centers have not yet really got going. The London County Council's first large health center, I am told on good authority, will be in full operation in 1950, and three or four others in 1951. But for the most part the health centers are still largely in the blueprint stage.

The two most serious criticisms of this system that I encountered were that it is costing more than the country can afford, and that it is undermining the incentive to doctors to do good work.

Certainly the Health Service is costing much more than was anticipated. Whether it is more than the country can afford is a question inextricably bound up with that of the whole economy of Britain. I am a physician, not an economist, and cannot possibly throw any light on it.

The undermining of incentive to excel would be a serious defect. It is difficult to determine to what extent, if any, it actually prevails. One English prophet of doom, Lord Horder, who talked to American doctors at Atlantic City last June, can see nothing but deterioration ahead for British medicine under government control, but I did not find such a totally pessimistic view to be, by any means, universal among British doctors. It should be remembered that hardly anything but opinion is available at present. Only experience will answer the question, and nineteen months' experience with the Health Service is not enough time by which to judge it accurately.

My feeling is that Britain is trying a momentous experiment in the nationalization of medicine. Since we too have great problems before us in our own country regarding the promotion of health and the provision of good medical care to all who need it in the community, it behooves us to watch closely and objectively the progress and outcome of Britain's project. Our observations will deepen our insight and may lead us to make wiser decisions concerning our own problems, which admittedly are different in many ways from those of Britain. We should be grateful to Britain for making this venture.



Composer, lecturer, and writer, SAMUEL BARLOW studied orchestration with Respighi in Rome following his graduation from Harvard in 1914. His compositions have been played by the leading American symphony orchestras; and his *Mon Ami Pierrot*, which had its première in Paris in 1934 and was the first opera written by an American to be given at the Opéra Comique, is still in the company's repertoire. Mr. Barlow has served as chairman of the Music Committee of the Independent Association of Artists, Scientists, and Professionals. He is equally at home in Europe, Gramercy Park, and Eastern Point, Gloucester.

NATIONALISM IN ART

by SAMUEL BARLOW

I

NATIONALISM in art is most often the new minting of foreign gold. The lending and borrowing of ideas is an incessant shuttle, for ideas travel without passport and blithely leap customs barriers. One look over the frontier is even more potent, since observation begets imitation, and the power of imitation is the beginning of civilization. Animals do not really possess it (in spite of legend), and for lack of it peoples like the American Indians have come near to perishing. Indeed, as we learn that the Europe of our ancestors, until recently the proving ground of countless migrations, is the most hybridized area on earth, we are forced to realize how imitative, how conglomerate must be our thought, our tradition, and our behavior. When we realize further that by 3000 B.C. there was an established artistic intercourse between the Far East and the Mediterranean, and that by A.D. 200 Christianity probably had reached China, we are tempted to wonder how there are such concepts at all as those embodied in the words "national characteristics" or "nationalism."

Yet, when it comes to judging the expressions of those characteristics, particularly in works of art, the striking validity of nationalism cannot be denied. There is no confusing a Tanagra with a Chinese statuette of the same period, or an Etruscan burial urn with one from Thebes; no mistaking a Persian rug for a Navaho blanket, or a Spanish *bargueño* for a Danish painted cupboard. Though it was not always so, there are today easily recognized characteristics of so-called Spanish music, as there are definite local idioms native to the music of Bali. The examples are infinite. And the imprimatur of a country is an obvious and sound thing. But, to be healthy, it must come from the ground up — not by superimposition, but from the very soil.

The true wellsprings which have prompted people to make and to be certain things in certain ways are mainly found in the local natural resources. In Shiraz the quality of the water was propitious for washing the wool of the Persian lamb; it gave the wool just the right texture and brilliance; it suited the dyes which were used. And from these natural sources, of field, pasture, water — climate and topography — came the stuff of the finest carpets known. Such a humble raw material as sand, when of peculiarly fine substance and color, has dictated the fortunes of a locality and the subsequent tour of the antiquary. The lagoons of Venetia were rich in a sand which, melted and molded, made the first wealth of Venice as the dunes of Cape Cod made the wealth of Sandwich. Many of the lovely peculiarities of French architecture are due to the soft white limestone which cuts like butter and then hardens in the air. The French built differently from those whose hillsides hid marble or travertine, or who, for lack of stone, made brick. In North America, where the forests had to be cut down to make way for fields, the houses and fences were of wood.

Wherever a certain plant is found or an animal, mollusk, or mineral, people acquire a trade concerned with it, a special knowledge, an aptitude in handling it. And that properly sets them a little apart from their neighbors. That begets a legitimate nationalism. There are seafaring people and non-seafaring people. But one is not thereby more virtuous than the other.

Many other less tangible qualities and causes of divergence exist, some of which are rooted in local phenomena such as climate or diet. Language is one of them. The terse clarity of Greek not only induced the brilliance of Greek poetry but also conditioned the pattern of Hellenic thought; just

as the slower magnificence of Latin lent itself to heavy monuments and the codification of laws. Both languages may have lent themselves equally well to driving a bargain or conquering the world, but in matters of art and intellect there is no denying the essential difference. Laws, frontiers, the proportions of racial mixture, the accessibility to outside knowledge (was the country on a trade route or off the beaten track?), the pull of the mother country or the push of the colony — all these, and many more, are in the compound which we call national characteristics.

To separate a personal expression — something as proper as the nose on one's face — from the political monster known as Nationalism, let us take four great works, generally regarded as masterpieces, renowned, you might say, for their nationalism. They are historic works, yet charged with meaning for us today. They have been recognized, from the day of their completion, as fulfilling magnificently the design and purpose for which each was made. No one, I think, will quarrel with me if I call them pinnacles of art and exemplars of what a nation, through groups or through one artist, can accomplish. No one will deny that Notre Dame, *Toledo* by El Greco, *Die Meistersinger*, and the University of Virginia are master works, inescapably French, Spanish, German, and North American.

And the argument would follow: Are these works stronger by reason of their marked nationality than similar works not so marked, and were their authors moved by an ardent nationalism in order to accomplish them?

2

GOthic art and what we now call European music are the only great art-forms native to continental Europe (unless one adds French cooking — in which case the credit for two of the three must go to France). Notre Dame is the flower of this Gothic art. It was built at a period when Catholicism was at its height, when the Nestorian Christians flourished in the Orient, when a man could safely travel without visas from the Aventine in Rome to Kells in Ireland, an international citizen of the Faith, and when Petrarch spoke Provençal by preference and St. Francis was christened after his father's favorite country. No passport was needed for voyaging on earth, and only one for Heaven.

Notre Dame, like Chartres or any of the other great cathedrals, was essentially communistic, in an entirely un-Marxian sense but in the spirit of purest Christianity. The churches were built by the people and for the people, almost in opposition to the Duke's private chapel and moated castle or the Prior's fat abbey. The cathedrals were the contemporary Rotary Clubs, lodges, workmen's

centers, WPA centers, and Teatro del Pueblo, as well as being religious edifices. We know the names of many of the architects and engineers and of some special donors; but by and large the work was anonymous. It was the effort of whole townships and communes, everybody contributing something in love and labor. And the results took on the characteristics of the hands that made them.

Everything that was elegant, fanciful, aspiring, or logical in the French spirit soared into the skies toward Heaven in these spires. Some of the tricks of the trade were borrowed. The flying buttress came from Persia, in the memory of some early Crusader. The stained glass, like the illuminated manuscripts or the enamels of Limoges, owed much to Byzantium. But the imprint of France, of the French people, was on every stone, from foundation to last pinnacle. And perhaps, when the crowds turned out to view their own work, as the church was completed and blessed, we have there the only great popular surge of artistic emotion since the Greeks attended a tragedy by Euripides.

In one sense nothing could be more national; in another, nothing more international. Certainly the builders did not think of their work in terms of nationalism. In the doctrine itself there was complete internationalism. St. Fiacre, from whom the Paris cab got its name, was an Irishman, and the Abbot of Mona was likely to be a Swiss. The architects and master builders, like the sculptors, belonged to Christendom, and went where service required.

Though France was the first nation in Europe to achieve nationality and would seem still to be the "nationalist" nation par excellence, it was the French language which superseded Latin as a universal tongue, and it was in France — under Philip the Fair, as later under Louis XI and then Henri IV — that the plans for a Federation of Europe were drawn. It was in France that the people raised the great community centers, open to all the world, these cathedrals which were acceptable to God as to the Pope because they were the very chalice of no-nationalism. The dreams of Comte or Renan or Hugo for a united Europe were but re-evocations of a past endeavor, the endeavor to recognize the individual, *par inter pares*, as a prelude to the brotherhood of nations, of families, of man. Long before, the hands of laborers in the Île de France had raised an edifice at whose portal all souls became equal.

The concept of universality in the highest realms, and the power of adoption in lesser ways, are two of the keys to El Greco. One of the most striking pictures in the Metropolitan Museum in New York is his painting of Toledo. The towers and roofs thrust severely against a stormy sky. There is a wildness in the air, as though the ghost of Torquemada were on the wind. As in *The Windmill* by

Rembrandt, there is a whole world within a small canvas; only, El Greco's world is not serene, like the Dutchman's, but tortured and dramatic and tragic. Nothing could be more Spanish, though the hand that painted came from Greece by way of Venice.

To my mind, Velasquez is the least Spanish of the great painters, whereas Goya — in so far as the eye and the subject are concerned — is the most Spanish.

But because El Greco was a "convert" and not a native, and because his acute spirituality fulfilled itself completely through the Church as he found it in Spain — and at a time when the counter-reforming church was Spain — he, more than any other, is to me the great Hispanic artist. The very elongation of his figures seems to express that almost lunatic striving for something beyond reality which lay also behind the mind that conceived the Escorial. Beside a great tenderness, there is a fierce and ruthless dogmatism. The meticulous and horrible sores and mutilations which adorn so many of the early Spanish paintings and particularly sculptures (cruelties which rarely found their way into French or Italian art, except for an occasional St. Sebastian) represented a tendency of the spirit to which El Greco responded.

In all this, El Greco was intensely Spanish. Yet it would be a bold critic who would claim that by that fact alone he rose superior to Velasquez, any one of whose Venuses might have been painted in Italy. And no one, I think, would claim that the great Greek painter was *consciously* Spanish. He strove mightily, as did Fra Angelico, or Piero della Francesca at Borgo San Sepolcro, to fix for the eyes of humanity, in visible and uplifting splendor, the ecstasies and wonders of the True Faith. And he undoubtedly found the rugged landscape, the austere features, and the somber people of Spain more inspiring than the worldly magnificence of Venice. But he would have been as surprised, had anyone charged him with being a consciously national painter, as Fra Angelico would have been had he similarly been called Italian. The good brother would have said he was first a Christian and second a Florentine.

The perfect example of nationalism in art is Wagner's great comedy on the medieval guilds of Nuremberg, largely because he wrote it quite consciously as a private national anthem. To be sure, he wrote it also to answer the friends of Brahms who felt that Wagner could not write counterpoint and the enemies in Paris who felt he could not write at all. It was, in fact, designed for nationalism, a celebration of the oldest German musical traditions, free-flowing and springlike as those songs of the wandering scholars that delighted Eleanor of Aquitaine.

I myself feel he wrote it also somewhat in expiation of sin: the chief sin being that of having woven

a third of a legend from Burgundy, a third from Iceland, and parts from the Garonne and the Rhine into the fabrication of a hybrid and synthetic hero named Siegfried. This hero could not overcome flames except with supernatural aid, nor conquer women except under false pretenses. He was almost as great a liar as the god Wotan who produced him, and very nearly as ersatz. Here was no Galahad or Roland or San Martín. Nothing pure in heart, altruistic, or truly valiant. And Wagner, for all that he was the most intriguing of men, must have known it. At least once in his life, between the borrowed Druid gods and the Celtic princesses and Rienzi, he wanted to present a decent and charming German hero. He dug into the past some four hundred years and emerged with Hans Sachs, Walter, and a masterpiece.

In this opera, as in *Boris Godunov*, we have a definitely affirmative answer to the first part of our original proposition. It is undoubtedly a work much of whose strength lies in its national flavor. But, taking Wagner's music as a whole, should we be justified in saying that he was moved by an ardent nationalism in order to accomplish it?

Certainly his other great opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, is the reverse of nationalistic. It is as Celtic, in its way, as *Pelléas et Mélisande*. The overstatement in the one is Germanic, the understatement in the other is French; but in both these chefs-d'œuvre the composers caught and consciously interpreted a spirit quite alien to the Nordic: the wandering Celtic Alma which has left its imprint on Russian soil, as well as on Iberia and the coasts of Ireland, Wales, and Brittany. And if we consider Wagner's notorious wooing of Paris and his contempt for Prussia, which he voiced as vigorously as Goethe or Heine; if we consider the socialistic and anti-imperialistic philosophy which Bernard Shaw discovered in the *Ring*; or Wagner's final and Parsifallic message, which would have shocked Bach or Kant as much as it revolted Nietzsche, we cannot for a moment consider him an artist who worked through nationalism to achieve his splendors. The *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn breathes a much purer nationalism than any work of Wagner's except only *Die Meistersinger*.

3

JEFFERSON was his own greatest work of art; he wrote frequently of the "art of living," and he summed up in his personality all the qualities and conditions we have just had under examination. In him, as in any fine opus, the great disciplines were interdependent. Rarely has there been a more intense and conscious American, and never a more eclectic one.

As a practicing artist and architect, he also was consumed by a cause: the dignifying of the new, little American nation. The passwords to his enthu-

siasm were not those of El Greco, but legality, freedom, sovereignty. His heroes were not, like Hans Sachs, dug out of a distant past; we had no past. They were awaited in some brilliant future. Like the cathedral builders — though Jefferson turned aside from Gothic as unsuitable to our needs, as he turned from the courtly, unchaste Rococo — he planned, in almost every case, some public building, a house for the community, some place where the souls of men could expand. Even his own Monticello was designed to receive those countless guests who ultimately ate him out of house and home.

For models, he turned to the accomplishments in architecture and literature of that other republic, the Roman Republic, before Augustus destroyed it. Here he found the cube and the sphere, the observance of geometric laws, the “noble and true proportions” worthy of our new country, the bold chastity which would reprove the colonial untidiness that all travelers found and deplored. In fact, the disciplines were so interdependent in him that we may observe his purpose, which we know, of fortifying the Constitution with lawfulness, reasonableness, and with checks and balances, running parallel with his purpose of housing the government under the same terms. Check and balance, strut and thrust — in all things he sought basic form.

He borrowed profusely, but he transformed the ancient shapes to suit new media: new materials, new purposes, new sites. For the library at the University of Virginia he studied the Pantheon down to the last measurements and then began what might have been a small-scale copy. But his natural inventiveness and his eclecticism led him out of imitation into creation, into the amazing extension of the entablature of the porch around the whole body of the rotunda in one fresh and happy movement. Fine as the Pantheon is, it looks the tomb it is, it reverberates with the heavy tread of legions. Under the touch of real genius, in red brick and white trim, the library soars lightly, not ponderous but elegant, reverberating to the young voices of those who would read old books but lead new lives. Somehow the University stands apart, immediate, quite unlike anything in France, England, or the Vicenza of Palladio. It is as American as the lovely Circus in Bath, which the Germans nearly destroyed, was unmistakably English, or the Place Stanislas in Nancy unmistakably French. It has this affinity, too, with Bath and Nancy, that it was conceived by one mind and carried out at one time.

The Classic revival in architecture, the revival of the republican ardors which had made Rome great, the passion for legality, these were not slavish copyings of old glories but the desire to carry on where the ancient republics had left off — the desire to skip the feudal and the monarchical, in

building as in government. The new buildings like the new government did not have their counterparts on earth; yet the motive of their designing was not to make something new just to be new. Rather, something that would fit a new scale and a new spirit. The hills and trees and contours of Virginia are not those of Kent or Angoulême or Latium. Jefferson wrote his friend Lee (May 8, 1825) that his aim had not been originality of principle or sentiment, but that he had intended to express the American mind. In doing that, he touched the whole world.

It is curious that of these examples of “nationalism” in art, all but one are also examples of agglomeration: the purpose or performance implies a group. It may seem farfetched to say that each example also lies within the canons of sound biology. Yet those canons, in sum, are but the search for the maximum welfare of humanity, achieved by the expanding cultivation of the individual. Certainly this has been the avowed care of that Church for which El Greco labored. Equally certainly it was the intent of those medieval guilds into one of which Walter, the maverick, was admitted by a “shifting of specialization.” It was as difficult to join a union then as now (and in those early days the Church excommunicated those who broke the union rules), but Hans Sachs would have the bars lowered or the sights raised: let the knight and the laborer both be poets, let the people sing, said Sachs. And there is no doubt that an ideal of group welfare and of the preciousness of each individual soul animated Jefferson, the builder of universities, and those who built cathedrals.

In the greatest works of art, in those I have mentioned as in the Pole-vaulter of Cnossus or the Taj Mahal or *King Lear*, the impress of the nationality of the hand and brain that created them is strongly marked. The local idiom is there of necessity, conditioned by the local material, the inherited and basic shapes, the reflections of the familiar type. And there is inherent also the heightening of effect, common to all art, which intensifies the qualities by concentration and idealization. *Die Meistersinger* is far more German than the intellectually polyglot Wagner himself: it is the spirit of Germany at its best — and perhaps nations, like individuals, have a right to be judged by their highest aspirations.

Yet, under this varied cast of nationalism, in all these examples, we can find little that was conscious. No line was drawn on paper, no note of music written, no couplet rhymed just to be different or just to impose a separation. The borrowings were done to the end of a humble usefulness, for there is no arrogance in great art, nor feeling of exclusion. Indeed, the artist approaches his work with the old grace in his heart: “Bless, O Lord, this food to our use and us to thy service.”



An Atlantic Story



Of English parentage, MONICA STIRLING spent her girlhood in Paris, where her father directed the English Theater. In the early years of the war she returned to London to work for the Free French, and after the Allied invasion she went back to France for eighteen months as correspondent for the Atlantic. Her articles and short stories brought her a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer award for a year's writing in Italy. Miss Stirling's first novel, *Lovers Aren't Company*, was published last spring under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

COME TO DUST

by MONICA STIRLING

MOVING slowly on account of her arthritis, the gray-haired Princess climbed her castle's marble staircase. She had charming blue eyes, a tender expression, a weak chin; and in spite of her ancient jewelry and new mourning, both elaborate, she looked more like the wife of an English vicar than of an Italian nobleman.

At the top of the stairs she paused and looked out a narrow window. Immediately below was the village, a cream-colored honeycomb of buildings enclosed by the castle's stalwart walls. Outside the walls were sloping vineyards roofed over by tightly woven leaves. Beyond was the bright green *campagna*, dotted here and there by terra-cotta ruins of the kind that made nineteenth-century tourists fill their Journals with sincerely pompous references to the Insignificance of the Works of Man as compared with those of the Almighty. In the distance glittered the Mediterranean. Over the entire scene late afternoon sunlight lay thick as cream over a black-market dessert. How do people manage without sun, thought the Princess, vaguely remembering the pale springs, yellow summers, dark winters of her youth in East Anglia.

Another shallow marble staircase led to a tiled landing. Behind a studded wooden door was a spiral of stone steps to a lumber room that was part of a nest of attics stretching the length and breadth of the castle.

Here, framed in the birds' nests that punctuated the eaves, were the elements of an antique shop: dim canvases from which there peered an army of smiling Madonnas and cupids; a few swords and halberds (most of these had been liberated as

souvenirs by the German Army); urns around whose lips heavy wreaths of fruit still ripened, minus here a leaf, there a branch; parchment-bound books, and shawls over whose original patterns had been superimposed those designed by industrious moths. Packs of cards, broken dolls, desiccated fans, floated on the surface of silver rivers of dust; and at the further end of the room, indicated by golden fingers of sunshine, were massive trunks bought long ago by people who never envisaged air travel for themselves.

In these trunks, with which footmen now buried in Abyssinia or North Africa had once dealt tenderly, were rugs, boots, saddles, gloves, cutlery — several generations of squirrels' hoards, now likely to prove useful to the villagers below who had been plundered by the Germans and were still uncompensated by their government.

Thirty-five years ago the Princess, who was then young Mary East the schoolmaster's daughter, had ransacked less picturesque attics on behalf of school White Elephant Stalls or vicarage Sales of Work. The young girl had sometimes felt it wasn't right the local poor should depend on others' leavings for coal and comfort; the middle-aged woman often thought it was wrong that the local poor should, after a lifetime of overwork, depend for survival upon her willingness to share with them a fortune neither she nor her husband had earned.

Now that her husband was dead, the Princess did not know what to do with the thoughts he had left buzzing in her brain like bluebottles in a meat safe. Sighing, she went to a window and with her forefinger drew patterns in the dust that rimmed it.

A jeep was rushing along the main road to Rome. With her mind's eye the Princess saw the buckled combat boots, the green fatigues, the rangy gum-chewing figures good-naturedly distributing caramels for junior, cigarettes for papa. Mama's and sister's turn would come later.

Sighing again the Princess went to a heavy leather trunk that reminded her of the days when she had learned to eat off gold plate, to waltz on marble floors.

Shaking her head and muttering to herself — a habit that had grown on her since her husband's death — the Princess heaved up the massive lid. Rugs to the right, boots to the left — what a lot these old trunks contained; motoring goggles — well, after all, one never can tell what's going to come in useful; a fencing mask — I must say I can't think of any immediate use for that; a box of tin soldiers, mostly chipped — dear me what regular magpies they were; a chamber pot — and cracked too, well really; six rosaries — they'll be glad of those, poor souls; a leather jacket — just right for Giuseppe, excellent; Aunt Angelica's water colors — no wonder she had to be put in a home, though as to that, look at William Blake; a stuffed parrot — no, one must draw the line somewhere; a thick rug — and the moths seem to have been quite forbearing too; binoculars — one never knows, maybe the Military Government . . . good gracious, what on earth is this?

This was a shabby leather writing case won by Mary East more than thirty years ago, as first prize in a croquet tournament. Gazing at it unrecognizingly ("can a mother's tender care cease towards the child she bare, yes she may forgetful be") the Princess thought vaguely of green grass, the click of ball against mallet, the whiteness of a starched blouse buckled into the tight belt of a black serge skirt.

As its lid was raised, the writing case gave off a faint smell of mildew. Inside, crouched like a beaten animal prepared for a last spring, was a soft mass of letters, notebooks, programs. Foreign stamps overlapped each other with an out-of-date disregard for frontiers; long-pressed primroses slithered from between the India paper pages of broken-backed prayer books; a Scripture Reading Association Leaflet, heavily underlined in pencil, had got mixed up with a soiled dance program to which was still attached a pale pink scrap of blunted pencil; from a split snapshot stared an English cottage, its windows all eyes; a paper packet of hairpins marked a long-neglected place in Littlejohn's *Shorter Latin*. Idly, the Princess opened this book. An excerpt from Julius Caesar. Our men, she read, our men crossed the river (successfully), our men stormed the fort (successfully), the garrison surrendered to our (successful) men. *Nostri nostri nostri*. How she had disliked our men, she remembered, her half-forgotten childhood assaulting her and with it

the knowledge that one day, and that not so far distant, she would die and be put in a box in the earth.

2

PERFUNCTORILY as a cook who has suddenly lost interest in her work, the Princess stirred the faded, softened papers. As she did so a sheet that had retained more crackliness than the rest attracted her attention. Headed by the printed address of a now obsolete Workingman's Educational Society it was marked "Paris 1920" in neatly penciled script. Having been in Paris then — her first job that had been — the Princess looked at it curiously.

Beneath the neat heading the writing was small and erratic, the letters pressing into each other incontinently as people in a queue. "Destroy R's letters," she read, and again "Destroy R's letters," underlined. "Give impression of being happy. But tell papa have been unwell. Return library books. Give my new shoes to the maid. Leave no proof. Give possessions away beforehand, thus avoiding having to make Will. Make sure R. cannot be blamed."

Flushed with shock the Princess sat heavily down on a near-by trunk. Absently she stretched a jeweled finger in a patch of receding sunshine. Unconscious of doing so, she slid her feet out of their buckled slippers. That was better. All the same she didn't feel well, she didn't feel well at all. A shiver ran through her. Her soft chin began to tremble. People could say what they liked, there was a lot to be said for the old Indian custom of immolating the widow on her husband's funeral pyre. Fumbling for the lorgnette she did not need, the Princess looked again at the sheet of paper.

Immediately, she saw her nineteen-year-old self: a prosperous French family's English Miss, angular, morbidly scrupulous, blushing easily. Felt-hatted, serge-coated, she emerged from the tall gray house in the Rue de Bellechasse and led her sailor-suited charges, Aline and André, to the Luxembourg gardens. Both dead now, thought the Princess, pressing her fingertips against her forehead. Aline had had what is called a natural death — in childbirth; André an unnatural one at the hands of the Gestapo. With a pang the Princess remembered André's thin neck and knobbly knees. He had always asked too many questions for the comfort of the adults around him. He would come to a bad end, they said. The only person capable of managing him had been his grown brother, Roger: Roger, the R. whose letters Mary East had intended destroying before she killed herself.

What a banal story it had been: the young foreign governess in love with her employer's eldest son, the dashing young man returned from Military Service for an interlude of spoiling before entering papa's business and marrying papa's partner's pretty daughter.

Although she was now in mourning for another man, a far better man than Roger, a man to whom she had been entirely devoted and who had made her happy for twenty-five years, the Princess could not prevent this paper scrawled with her adolescent writing from troubling her by its record of the worst personal anguish she had ever known. And in view of the fact this anguish had nearly killed her, it was repulsive to the Princess to realize she could no longer visualize Roger. What *had* Roger been like, as a person?

Slumped in the attic of her Italian castle, the middle-aged Englishwoman fought with her dulled memory to resurrect a French boy who had, unknown to her, been killed several years ago, in Syria.

At first, she could seize only on details. Roger's Aunt Henriette — who had to be humored because she might make him her heir — had given him a particularly ugly tie over which he and Mary had spent precious time laughing. Whenever Roger raised his eyebrows disdainfully in the course of a political discussion with his father, the latter flew into a rage and addressed his son as "Monsieur." Roger wore a signet ring and was very fond of spaghetti. Roger got easily excited about long past law-cases. . . . The Princess drew a deep breath. It was no good. None of these details amounted to anything. The handsome person, the intransigent personality, all that had been essentially Roger was gone, leaving her only a recollection of the grief he had caused her.

He had loved her, that much she did remember, and had wanted her to become his mistress and remain his mistress after he was married. His parents had set him up in an apartment of his own. Day after day Mary had waited for the telephone call that might prove kinder than the previous one. No air-raid siren subsequently affected her as those telephone calls had done. And even when the call came she had had to lower her voice if anyone came into the room alongside, to disguise her meaning if anyone crossed the vestibule. How angry this had made Roger, how bitterly he had enjoyed provoking her to cry "When shall I see you?" He never remembered the five times she hadn't said it, only the sixth time when she had. Small, black, ambiguous as the Delphic oracle, the telephone became a third person in their lives, a menacing, distorting, misinterpreting third person who almost taught Mary to hate a world she had until then viewed with extreme welcomeness.

Neither upbringing nor temperament had led Mary to consider suicide a good method of solving the insoluble. But one night her longing for Roger combined with the misery his sarcasm had provoked

to drive her to take an overdose of sleeping pills. Unfortunately her constitution was excellent. Having overslept she awoke, dizzy and petulant, only to provide Roger's mother with an opportunity to jeer at the younger generation. People don't want to work nowadays.

Roger was married. Mary attended the ceremony — and was too busy keeping Aline and André in order to give way to her wretchedness. All she could, and did, do in subsequent weeks was to exteriorize her unhappiness by dressing somberly as a black beetle. But, at last, on one of those spring days when music seems to rise from the ground, perfume to drop from the trees, she went out with her black shirtwaist changed for a white one. In the Luxembourg gardens, where she had so often waited for Roger, her pallor and freshness attracted a stranger, a Serbian student, who whispered ardent compliments into her quickly turned-away ears. This was the last straw. Her white shirtwaist appeared to her in the guise of an infidelity. Having quit her job she took the first employment that offered, which happened to be that of Lady's Companion to an American dowager bound for Florence. And it was here that she was espied — an earnest, straw-hatted figure poring over a Baedeker — by the unworldly Prince who chose her as a gifted amateur chooses a dingy canvas, knowing how lovely it will be when cleaned and repaired. Trained by unkindness, she was an ideal receptacle for kindness. An exceptionally happy marriage ensued.

The afternoon sunlight had vanished. But still the Princess sat on the attic trunk. For the first time, it occurred to her that it was strange she had never thought of killing herself for lack of the husband she had loved with a love so much stronger than had been her passion for Roger. With a sigh she folded away the paper and, putting her feet back in their buckled slippers, began to count the blankets for which she had come here. Then she ambled downstairs.

From the landing windows she could see the bright lights of Rome's seven hills glittering across the plain. The crickets were beginning their evening's gossip. From the garden rose the smell of tobacco flowers. Roger was vanished, her husband was absent. What remained, for her?

Blankets, muttered the Princess, as she climbed down the last marble staircase. They need more blankets than I've got. No use sitting about in mourning while people need blankets. Who said that? Not Roger, certainly. Then it must have been her husband. Guido had never believed in mourning.



The Atlantic Serial



NICOLAS NABOKOV, who was born in Russia in 1903, is the talented son of a family which was known for its liberalism under the last of the Tsars. His study of music, begun at an early age, was resumed at the Berlin Conservatory after the Revolution, and his first ballet-oratorio, *Ode*, was produced by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe in Paris and London in 1928. As an impressionable boy, he had heard the singing of Chaliapin and the playing of Rachmaninov and young Heifetz, and had seen the dancing of Pavlova and Karsavina. Now, in his creative years, he was to work under the stimulus of Diaghilev and in growing friendship with Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Koussevitzky. This is the last installment of his portrait of the man in whose workshop his music came to life.

SERGEI DIAGHILEV

Monte Carlo and Paris

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

14

THE day after my arrival in Monte Carlo my routine took shape and for the remaining four weeks my life was directed towards the production of my ballet. I worked with Léonide Massine, the choreographer, from ten to one and sometimes again from three to six. I thumped out over and over again parts of my ballet on the horrible little upright pianos which populated all the rehearsal halls of the Monte Carlo theater. Massine was composing the choreography while I played and in the intervals between parts and sections he would ask me to explain the construction of the music. "Where does this melody end? What instruments hold this chord? Is it correct for me to assume that this is one long phrase?" Then he would take profuse notes in an imposing leather-bound scrapbook which he carried around.

Contrary to what I expected, Massine, who in those years was unusually stern and taciturn, was voluble with me and at moments even gay and smiling. On the whole our work progressed without a hitch. There was, however, an inherent anomaly in our collaboration. It came from the fact that I had no experience whatsoever in working with a choreographer. To judge choreography "in the rough" under the drab conditions of a rehearsal hall requires experience and imagination. I felt unable to make any valid judgment about what Massine was doing, for what I saw were discon-

nected bits of a whole which my imagination could not put together. Besides this, there was something disconcerting in having to repeat the same measures at the piano hundreds of times and see the same steps accompany them. At times I felt so completely dulled at the end of a rehearsal that I did not know whether I liked it or not. How could I know whether it was good or bad? I did what many young composers do with their first stage works — I acquiesced to most everything Massine did with my music. After all, he was a famous choreographer who had been "in the business" for more than a decade while I was a complete newcomer. When he would ask me, "Do you like this?" or "Do you think this fits your music?" I would usually reply in the affirmative.

Not until the broad outlines of the choreographic whole began to be recognizable (which happened about the third week of my stay at Monte Carlo) did it dawn on me that with the exception of two or three lovely lyrical dances, Massine's choreography, although probably very good in itself, had very little to do with my music and with the whole eminently romantic mood of *Ode*. Curiously enough it was Diaghilev who made me aware of it. He came one day to a morning rehearsal to watch Massine compose a dance for Serge Lifar. He sat through half of it, his eyes closed, his head drooping. Then, without saying a word, he got up and left. Aston-

ished, Massine and I looked at each other. Massine laughed and said, "I don't see the point of his coming to rehearsals when he does nothing but sleep through them."

But Diaghilev had not slept. Quite the contrary, he was very much awake and equally upset. At eleven o'clock that evening I was hauled out of bed by a messenger who told me that Diaghilev was waiting for me in the rehearsal room, that he wanted to see Lifar's dance again, and that several messengers had been dispatched all over Monte Carlo to search for Lifar and the librettist Kochno, who were both somewhere at a party.

When I arrived at the theater Diaghilev was all alone in the tiny office next to the rehearsal room. In the hall I found his old "uncle" Pavel Iegórovitch Koribút-Koubítovitch, who really was his cousin and whose face was as funny as his name. He was sitting in a large club chair, his fat body slumped, his bearded, Pan-like features contorted with worry. "Be careful," he whispered, "he is in a rage."

But Diaghilev, though angry, was calm with me and looked genuinely concerned. He said that what he had seen that morning was "utter rubbish," that Massine did not understand anything at all — "not the first thing" — about *Ode*. He said that he wanted to see it *now*, again, without Massine's presence (Diaghilev and Massine had been at odds since the early twenties), but that the *coureurs* (meaning Lifar and Kochno) could not be found at that hour. He then gave me a long instructive talk about how he imagined the choreography of my ballet. He saw it as romantic, lyrical, with rich, suave, and soft movements, "rather of a Fokinesque" character. "At moments it should be pure pageantry — festive, glittering and brilliant. At other moments it should be tender, mysterious and gentle. What Massine is doing is modern cold angular stuff that has nothing to do with your music."

We waited for more than an hour, but neither Lifar nor Kochno appeared. Finally he said in a sad, tired way, "Nika, you had better go back to bed. I'm sorry about your ballet, but what can I do? Nobody seems willing to coöperate."

15

THE evenings at Monte Carlo were usually spent at the Ballet or at the Opera and it was there that I had the opportunity to see much of Diaghilev's repertoire that was not always played during the ballet seasons of the company in the capital cities. Some of this repertoire was totally obsolete — when Diaghilev revived it, he himself could not look at it without laughing; but some of it, on the other hand, was as fresh as when it had been first produced. Thus by seeing his old productions anew Diaghilev was able to choose a few of them, freshen

them up, and prepare them for an eventual revival in Paris.

This was one of the unique advantages which Diaghilev's contract with the Casino gave him over the many "latter-day" itinerant ballet companies in America. Monte Carlo was for Diaghilev and his ballet company a workshop, a storehouse, a resort; it was endowed with one of the most perfect theaters to work in and, besides, it was placed in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. The American ballet companies suffer in many ways from the absence of such places as Monte Carlo (and the generous contract with the Casino authorities). They have never had such convenient conditions and opportunities for the creation of new works as had the Diaghilev Company during the ten-odd years of its existence.

April, 1928, was not the first time I had visited Monte Carlo. I had been there quite often before on short visits from Nice, where my mother used to live in the middle twenties. Yet it is only when one stays in Monte Carlo for some time that the unreality, the grotesqueness, the absurdity of this "jewel of the French Riviera," as the proud Monegasques call their city, become apparent.

Monte Carlo is a set of clichés. It is the happy ending of all Hollywood movies, the night clubs' hula-hula, and the enticing language of American bra advertising translated into all levels of life. The scenery: a colored postal card (or as Virgil Thomson once remarked, "expensive real estate"). The houses: an anticipation of juke boxes. The lawns: Italian opera (the outdoor Swiss or Scotch peasant scene). The people: character extras from Warner Brothers.

There is always a creature in white lace and organdy, bedecked like a Christmas tree with all the tinsel of Victorian jewelry. Her worn, spaniel face is covered with many coats of powder and rouge while the blue under her eyes, the pencil marks on her brows, and the mascara on her remaining ten and a half eyelashes are hopelessly asymmetrical. She is led on a leash by a microscopic ball of fuzzy wool, and she clutches in her hand a 20-franc note which the bored croupier has slipped under the table into the palm of her hand.

These women are known as the *rentières du Casino* and next to the professional pickpockets they are the management's worst pests. When one of them gets a seat at the roulette table she begins by watching her neighbors' games. Only after long delay, prodded by fairly brutal hints of bystanders and sometimes even by the croupier, she starts playing her "system." The game for her is a passionless ritual which she performs with the calm of a mortician embalming a body. Her face never changes, her eyes are fixed on her green square (her "dozen") of the gambling carpet. She starts with the smallest stake (2 francs, in my time), then she doubles it and continues her geometric progression to the second

power, always returning her bet to the same square, the same "dozen." If after three or four bets her "dozen" turns up, she wins, and having collected her 18 or 34 francs she goes home as deliberately as she came. If after three bets the little black ball does not fall upon one of the numbers of her "dozen," she plays the system once more, but never more than twice the same day.

The whole procedure takes up a full afternoon. This is why the croupiers of Monte Carlo prefer to pay the *rentières* 20 francs in advance (many *rentières* settle for 10, provided it is on a regular "salary" basis) to prevent them from hogging a seat at the roulette table.

Then there are the *desperados*, those "addicts of gambling," straight from the Musée Grévin or Madame Tussaud's collection of wax vices. They sun themselves on the benches in front of the Casino and look like villains from an 1880 melodrama. Their faces under their worn boaters are sanguine and apoplectic, their eyes embedded in deep blue-green caverns, their chapped lips and false teeth scarcely concealed by tar-black mustachios. At any moment they appear ready to rush into the gambling room, unscrew their right arms, squeeze out their glass eyes, and hand them to the croupier for a last two-bits worth of chips.

In all this unreality, this smörgåsbord of clichés and monstrosities, only two things seemed real to me: first, the lovely old city of Monaco, the hinterland of the principality, where in dignified Mediterranean poverty and apparent happiness lived some 20,000 Monegasques — loyal subjects of His Highness Prince Albert of Monaco and Monte Carlo; and second, the Ballet Russe of Diaghilev. It is significant that Diaghilev never went into the gambling rooms and that gambling rarely attracted the members of the company. When I told Diaghilev that I wanted to see the gambling, he tried to discourage me: "Why? It's boring and flat. I hate it," and he added with a satisfied smile, "Mine is a different kind of gambling."

Somehow the hothouse atmosphere of the gambling rooms never reached Diaghilev's hard-working organization, and this is perhaps why even an old, stuffy ballet like the *Russian Fairy Tales*, when performed by Diaghilev's troupe in Monte Carlo, seemed real and fresh in comparison with the activities in the rest of the Casino.

16

THE troupe at that time was a splendid, well-functioning organization. Most of its dancers, including its *corps de ballet*, were young, competent, and devoted. It had two permanent choreographers, Léonide Massine and George Balanchine. It also contained in its repertoire the best inventions of Michel Fokine and Bronislava Nijinska, composed over a period of some twenty to twenty-four years.

Some of the first dancers and guest dancers of the ballet, notably Tamara Karsavina and Olga Spessivtzeva, were certainly the best dancers of the period, and the younger dancers like Doubrovskaya, Nemchinova, Nikitina, Danilova, and Markova (who then was only in her late teens) were, I believe, of a class far superior to the average prima ballerinas of the present-day epigonal Monte Carlist Russian ballets. The male complement was equally good. Of course, it did not have Nijinsky, but there were old-timers like Massine, Voizikovsky, Idzikovsky, and the younger men like George Balanchine and Lifar.

But besides all this, what made the Diaghilev workshop at Monte Carlo such a creative, lively enterprise was the many artists around Diaghilev and his company, working at new productions or helping revive old ones. In the month that I was in Monte Carlo, Diaghilev and the ballet company received a stream of visitors from all over Europe, from Paris, from London, from Italy and Germany.

Prokofiev drove up one day with Vladimir Dukelsky (Vernon Duke) on the last leg of a gastronomic tour of France. Prokofiev stayed a few days and discussed with Diaghilev plans for a new ballet (which was to become *The Prodigal Son* — Diaghilev's last production during the season of 1929). Matisse came from his Provençal villa to look over his sets for Stravinsky's *The Song of the Nightingale*, which had been revived with a magnificent new choreography by Balanchine. Vittorio Rieti came to visit us all from his family's home at San Remo and also to talk to Diaghilev about a new ballet. Stravinsky's sons came from Nice, where the family lived at that time. Fedya and Svyetik Stravinsky visited the rehearsals of *Apollo* and went for long walks around Monte Carlo. (One of the walks I loved best was through the hanging gardens high above the city, a masterpiece of unreal landscaping full of fantasy and of the strangest botanical freaks.)

Then, too, there were the "rich" visitors, Diaghilev's financial patron saints (or, as the composer Henri Sauget called them, *les poires de Diaghilev* — Diaghilev's suckers): the Otto Kahns and the Aga Khans, the Rothermeres and the Rothschilds, the Poliakovs and the Polignacs.

Balanchine, Kochno, Derain, and a number of dancers patronized a small Italian restaurant, Giardinòs, on top of the hill in the upper reaches of Monte Carlo. There we used to have noisy, gay lunch parties. Diaghilev liked to join us and bring his visitors from outside. When he came, the bill was paid for all of us. Lunch then became a sumptuous two-hour affair with many courses and much wine, although Diaghilev himself never drank either wine or liquor. Only the funny "uncle" Koribút-Koubítovitch, the perennial butt of Diaghilev's teasing, would not be permitted to choose his own meal.

"You better bring him a small portion of . . . *bœuf bouilli*," Diaghilev would say to the waiter. "That's the best thing for him, he is too fat anyhow."

The "uncle," both a gourmand and a gourmet, would shiver with indignation and shout, "I don't want *bœuf bouilli*. I won't eat *bœuf bouilli*," his voice trembling and tearful.

Diaghilev would roar back, "Pavka! eat your *bœuf bouilli*. The doctor says it's good for you."

Finally he would give in and meekly eat his boiled beef.

17

As I had hoped before coming to Monte Carlo, I saw Diaghilev almost every day. Between rehearsals and during meals I often had long, exciting conversations with him. Egged on by my questions, he would reminisce about his early years in Paris, about the first performances of *Boris Godunov*, *The Rites of Spring*, or the first concerts of Russian music which he organized in Paris in 1906. He would talk about the great dancers of that period — Nijinsky, Bolm, Fokine, Karsavina, Pavlova, and Trefilova.

In the excited voice of someone who remembers something particularly dear to him, he would speak of his work in Russia, of the foundation of the art magazine *Mir Iskusstva* in 1903, with a group of friends, chiefly Alexander Benois and Léon Bakst, and of the famous art exhibitions organized by this group, which were like a breath of air in the stale atmosphere of St. Petersburg.

He spoke of his work in the Imperial Theatre and described the stuffy, intrigue-ridden atmosphere of its management. ("I couldn't stand it. It was like living in a morgue.") But chiefly he liked to speak about the great exhibition of Russian portraits which he organized in 1904 in St. Petersburg, for which he collected some 3000 masterpieces of Russian portraiture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was a tremendous job of artistic research which involved thousands of miles of travel. Diaghilev was a pioneer in this research and did it almost singlehanded. His stories about how he discovered lost treasures of Russian art in palaces and country estates of Imperial Russia were full of adventure and were told with an explorer's sense of observation.

"I would get a hint," he would say, "by reading in somebody's memoirs or letters that the painter Borovikovsky [one of the two finest Russian portrait painters of the eighteenth century] spent a month at the Volga estate of Prince O. That would start me on one of my hunting trips. First I would visit the direct heirs of the eighteenth-century seigneur, who were so often half-witted in matters of art, and I would try to find out from them whether there was a Borovikovsky portrait in the family. If no one knew, I would take a trip to the Volga estate of Prince O. There I would turn the

place upside down until I found what I was looking for.

"You can't imagine how many of these palatial estates, these jewels of eighteenth-century architecture, were falling in ruins at that time. Their gardens were unkept forests, the floors of their empty salons and ballrooms were littered with fallen plaster. The pigeons and swallows had made their nests in the galleries. Everything was death, decay, the collapse of a lost civilization. It was there that I felt how inevitable the revolution was, how the pygmy heirs of a great period were not able to keep the past alive or cope with the ideas of the present, the new trends, the new desires and the new needs of our time. Sometimes in an obscure and dilapidated country estate in a remote government beyond the Volga I would be greeted by a whole row of superb portraits painted by some anonymous serf. They would be hanging, cracked, dirty, their varnish gone, in the drab office of the administration building. No one would know or care who painted the pictures, when they were painted, and whom they represented."

But of course the main topic of conversation was music. I asked Diaghilev a thousand questions about composers he had known, operas he had heard, and music he had liked most during his life. His answers were whole stories, amusing anecdotes full of charm and witty details.

He told me how one day on the streets of Paris he met Gounod, who had just become rich after the success of his *Faust*. Diaghilev asked him about his plans for the coming season.

"I'm preparing my old opera *Adam and Eve* for production," said Gounod.

"And may I ask, *cher Maître*, in what costumes the opera will be played?" asked Diaghilev. "In . . . fig leaves?"

"*Tiens, je n'ai pas pensé à ce détail*," said the embarrassed composer.

Or how he saw Debussy emerge from the train at the Moscow station with enormous mittens on his hands despite pleasantly warm fall weather ("that barbarous climate of Russia!") and how he took Debussy to a Moscow night club to listen to the singing of gypsies and how Debussy could not tear himself away from the songs, "those languorous gypsy melodies," and how, in his last letter to Diaghilev, in the spring of 1917, he spoke of them with tenderness and longing.

Diaghilev spoke of Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky, of Richard Strauss and Scriabin, of the musical taste of the late Pope Leo XIII (who loved Viennese waltzes and would dance them in his private salons with the Cardinal Secretary of State to the accompaniment at the piano of Abbé Liszt) and of the lack of musical taste of the whole Romanov dynasty, and of course of his contemporaries, his collaborators, Stravinsky, Ravel, Prokofiev, Satie, and many, many others.

Since the night of crisis when he had wanted Lifar to show him Massine's utter rubbish again, Diaghilev never brought up the subject of *Ode*, nor did he ever seem interested in Massine's choreography. He stopped coming to the rehearsals to see what Massine was doing, and when I would mention my ballet in his presence he would keep silent or change the subject.

Only once did he acknowledge the fact that the project of *Ode* still existed, when he asked me to bring over the score and the orchestral parts and told me that the orchestra had twenty minutes of free time and could read it through. I tried to dissuade him by saying that *Ode* was forty minutes long and that, besides, the parts were still full of mistakes. He replied that Scotto, the conductor, would read it through in a fast tempo, and as for the mistakes, they were not his concern but my "funeral."

That orchestral "reading" became one of the worst musical tortures of my life. Scotto had never seen the score before and was beating the beat in double time as best he could.

The parts, because of my inexperience and the copyist's carelessness, were a sea of mistakes. Diaghilev and I sat in the front row in the dark hall. Every time I wanted to jump up from my seat, the heavy hand of Diaghilev kept me back.

"Don't disturb them. They haven't much time."

The piece we heard was a mass of inchoate rumblings and noises reminiscent of the tuning-up period of a school orchestra. At the end, I felt limp and beaten. Diaghilev turned to me and said, "You like *that*?" and without waiting for an answer got up and went out of the theater.

At the same time I began to realize that Diaghilev's earlier prediction was coming true: the "cart" named *Ode*, or what there was of the cart, was definitely being pulled in several directions. I did not know, nor did I see, what Tchelitchev was doing (he was guarding his work from any intrusions on my part), nor did I quite like or understand what Massine was doing with the choreography.

Only once was I permitted to attend the ritual of Tchelitchev's experiments — he needed me to time some film shots he had made for *Ode*. I saw some extraordinary pictures of young men wearing fencing masks and tights, diving in slow motion through what seemed to me to be water. I could not understand what this had to do with my ballet but I was told by Kochno (Tchelitchev wouldn't speak to me), who had, in default of Diaghilev, somehow assumed the responsibilities for the production of *Ode*, that this represented "the element of water."

Much as I respected the "element," I still could not understand what connection it had with my music and the whole conception of the ballet. All in all, when I left Monte Carlo the prospects of a successful production of *Ode* seemed hopelessly

remote. Massine's choreography was only half finished, Tchelitchev's *décor* was a total mystery to me, but I knew that it was largely still in an experimental state and that Diaghilev had had several tantrums about it. Worst of all, so far as I was concerned, was my own orchestration (my first attempt at writing for a large orchestra), which in part did not "sound" at all and needed intense overhauling. I left Monte Carlo filled with apprehension and dark forebodings.

18

I ARRIVED in Paris only a few weeks before the ballet season was to open. The press had already begun to print anticipatory articles about the new productions. I was pestered by so many social calls, interviews, and dinner engagements that my friends Sauguet and Desormière decided to hide me in the apartment of a musical friend, where I could quietly reorchestrate certain sections of *Ode* and correct its shamefully incorrect orchestral parts.

Finally, ten days before the start of the season, Diaghilev and the ballet troupe arrived in Paris and the rehearsals began again. Massine and I renewed our long morning sessions and in a few days he completed the choreography. But the Tchelitchev side of the project, so far as I knew, remained on the same equivocal plane as ever. This time I was shown some of the drawings of Tchelitchev for the sets and costumes. Kochno even showed me a complete little model of the stage, the opening scene of the ballet. Here, for the first time, I began to realize what Tchelitchev wanted to achieve.

The sets were all in blue tulle which when lit with a tiny flashlight became strangely alive and acquired an extraordinary mysterious and ephemeral beauty. I understood also that Tchelitchev's whole project depended on many intangibles.

It required mechanical perfection and virtuosity in the use of lighting equipment (then still in its infancy), perfect coördination between light and movement, between camera (for many of the "light-sets" were achieved by means of motion picture projections) and music, between choreography and the changes of scenic effects.

To all this, up to the last two or three days before the first performance of *Ode*, Diaghilev remained completely indifferent. It seemed as though he had abandoned all of us to disaster.

On the morning of the 2nd of June, 1928, the telephone rang very early despite the warning I had left the night before at the hotel desk not to disturb me until 10 A.M. I had returned late that night after a full day of rehearsals, an orchestral reading of *Ode*, and a grueling choral rehearsal. Diaghilev had come to the latter with Prokofiev but had left brusquely long before it ended.

At first I thought of letting the telephone exhaust itself, but the ringing persisted. I picked up the

receiver and was about to bark a curse into it when to my utter surprise I heard the voice of Diaghilev barking at me.

"Why don't you answer your phone? Why are you sleeping when you should be in the theater? Get up and get dressed right away and come to the theater. This mess can't go on any longer. I have ordered a full stage rehearsal at ten, a full orchestra rehearsal at two, a full chorus rehearsal at five, and all evening we will rehearse the lights." He hung up on me just as abruptly as he started shouting.

From that moment on and for the next three days, until the last curtain had fallen on a highly successful performance of *Ode*, I lived in a state of frenzy. Like everyone else connected with the production, I worked day and night, in an agony of sleeplessness and exhilaration the like of which I never experienced before or since.

Diaghilev had taken over in the fullest sense. From then on *he* gave the orders, *he* made the decisions and assumed the responsibilities. He was everywhere, his energy was limitless. He ran to the prefect of police to have him overrule the fire department's decision forbidding the use of neon lights on stage, which Tchelitchev wanted to use in the last scene of the ballet (neon lights were a novelty at the time and were considered unsafe). He supervised the dyeing, cutting, and sewing of costumes. He was present at every orchestra and choral rehearsal and made the conductor Desormière, the soloists, and the chorus repeat sections of the music over and over again until they blended well with the choreographic motions and the light-play of Tchelitchev's scenery. He encouraged the leisurely and sluggish stagehands of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt by bribes and flattery. He helped all of us paint the props and the scenery.

But above all else he spent two whole nights directing the complicated lighting rehearsals, shouting at Tchelitchev and at his technical aids when the delicate lighting machinery went wrong, at me when my piano playing slackened and became uneven, and at Lifar when his steps ceased following the rhythm of the music and the changes of lighting.

On June 6, the day of the opening, I was exhausted, stunned and shaking with the kind of precarious excitement which comes after long exertion and sleepless travel. But when, fifteen minutes before the curtain went up, I saw Diaghilev come in through the backstage door, in full dress, bemonocled, his famous rose pearl shining on a snow-white shirt, I knew that it had been only thanks to this man's incredible drive and energy that *Ode* had been pieced together and that the curtain would rise at all.

Until the last minute I had been painting the scenery, and had seen Diaghilev leave the theater an hour before the performance was to begin. He

had looked worn, gray, and sallow as he crossed the stage; his face was covered with a two-day beard. Now he was his usual self again, calm, confident, and resplendent.

He stopped in front of me and told me to go into the theater. I mumbled something to the effect that I hoped all would go well and that the performance would be a success.

"Well . . ." answered Diaghilev nonchalantly, his face changing to a charming affectionate smile, "it's up to you," and he opened his arms and moved them backwards in the suave and deliberate gesture of virtuoso conductors, by which in apparent modesty they raise the orchestra musicians to their feet and make them acknowledge the public's applause.

19

I saw Diaghilev for the last time in July, 1929, a little more than a year after *Ode's* first performance. We met briefly at the Baden-Baden music festival. He was in the company of his old friend the Princesse de Polignac (Paris's greatest music patron of the time) and his new youthful "composer founding," the birdlike and brittle Igor Markevich.

Diaghilev did not look well; his face was puffy with the glazed, yellow quality of diabetics, during or after an attack. He had come to Baden-Baden to hear a new work of Hindemith, "his" new composer collaborator. After the performance of this work I walked him back to his hotel. Despite his appearance his mood seemed happy. He talked gaily about his plans for the rest of the summer and for his autumn season. "I am going to take Markevich for a visit to Richard Strauss and also to a few Wagner performances at the Munich Opera," he said; "then I'm going as usual to the Lido. Why don't you come with us and visit the funny old German in his villa in Garmisch?"

But much as I would have liked to go, I was bound for Berlin on the morning train.

I asked Diaghilev how Hindemith's ballet was progressing. He answered that he had spent a day with Hindemith in Berlin and that very little of the ballet music was actually on paper. "But I'm not worrying," he said, "I know what an extraordinary craftsman he is and how fast he works."

He asked me what I was writing and when I told him that I was in the middle of my first symphony he grew interested and wanted to know all about it — what it was like, whether it was going to be as lyrical and romantic as *Ode*, how many movements there would be, and how soon it was going to be ready. "Splendid!" he exclaimed. "As soon as I'm back in Paris you will play it for me, won't you? I also want you to look carefully at the music of young Markevich. It's very exceptional stuff — still very green, but enormously gifted."

The next morning to my surprise Diaghilev met me at the tiny suburban station of Baden-Ost,

where the through trains from Switzerland to Berlin stop.

"You see, I've come to see you off," he said, coming towards me, "or rather partly you, partly those people," and he pointed at a foreign-looking couple surrounded by many pieces of elegant luggage.

It was then that I took the last picture of Diaghilev ever taken. Although taken against the light, it clearly shows Diaghilev's big, black figure standing against the low picket fence, and the field surrounding the railroad station of Baden-Ost.

Three weeks later I was returning from Berlin to my summer home in Alsace. As usual I took the night train, which left Berlin at 6 or 7 P.M. Around ten o'clock the train stopped at Halle. I went out and bought the Halle evening paper. I couldn't read in the compartment, the lights were down and the five-odd Germans were asleep. I went to the men's room. There in the dim light of its 25-watt bulb I glanced at the front page of the paper. At the top, in the right-hand corner I saw a two-line message from Venice. It was dated August 19 and read: "This morning at 5 A.M. the famous Russian dancer Diaghilev died here."

From then on at every stop of the train I was on the lookout for fresh papers. But either the newspaper booths were closed or the papers carried the same garbled message. Yet because it was garbled a glimmer of hope remained. Maybe it wasn't he that had died? Maybe it was a dancer of his company and the German press had made a message like "a dancer of the famous Diaghilev Company" read "the famous dancer Diaghilev."

Even the early morning edition of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* carried the same message, this time with an old 1906 photograph of Diaghilev. Once the train had crossed the Rhine and stopped at the rainy platform of the Strasbourg station there could be no doubt. Here were the Paris papers, his face looking at me from every one.

The shock, the loss, the feeling of emptiness and profound *désarroi* were overwhelming. How did it happen? Why did he have to die? What will happen now to his work? And what will happen to

all of us, his friends, his young artist collaborators, his troupe of dancers? I went to the post office and sent incoherent telegrams to Kochno, to Missia Sert, to George Balanchine, to Prokofiev.

Several days later a letter from Prokofiev arrived. He was in the Savoy, near the Annecy Lake, not far from the place where Stravinsky was spending the summer. Prokofiev wrote: "First when I read the news I couldn't believe it. It sounded unreal and absurd. It is an awful blow. I went to visit Stravinsky and he too was profoundly shocked. What will happen now? What will happen to his company?"

These questions were on everybody's lips, in everybody's mind. Rarely had so many artists of so many nationalities, cultures, and ages felt a loss that united them in a mutual sense of profound impoverishment.

Gradually the circumstances of his death became known to me. He died from an attack of diabetes, his old neglected illness. He suffered a great deal, physically and morally. All his life he had been afraid of sickness, of loss of power and of consciousness. Since the attack had begun he must have known, although he would never have admitted it, that his days, his hours were counted. Near him were two close friends, Lifar and Kochno. Later, during the last few days of his life, two other faithful friends arrived, Missia Sert and the Baroness d'Erlanger.

He died at dawn on August 19 at the age of fifty-seven after a long, tormented agony. He died as he had lived all his life, in a modest hotel room, a homeless adventurer, a great exile, and a prince of the arts. And just as his life had been a strange and exotic pageant, so was his death. On the morning of the 21st of August a procession of four gondolas took his body to the Russian cemetery on the tiny S. Marco Island. The coffin was covered with tuberoses, tea roses, and carnations. A Russian priest and the small choir of S. Giorgio dei Greci sang in ill-accorded voices the doleful chant of the Slavic funeral service while the procession moved to the cemetery through the still waters of the Venetian lagoon.

(The End)

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* *Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

MARCH was the fag end and there was nothing much a twelve-year-old could do about it; this was the glum month in which we and our teachers began to despair of each other, the weary toil through *Ivanhoe* became a long grind in a foreign tongue; March was the month for dentistry, an ordeal in which the only kind words were "Now rinse, please"; it was a month in which, if you were a good Episcopalian, you gave up candy for Lent; it was a time when in my part of New Jersey the rain and the mud made indoor sport a boy's only hope.

School with its homework kept us in drudgery for the first five days of the week, but on Friday the servitude began to let up. On Friday afternoon came dancing school. You couldn't exactly call this sport, but it was different from what we had been doing and to that extent better. We met in Arcanum Hall, a vast shiny lodge room with a number of big plush chairs on the dais where the mothers of the girls sat — the mothers of the boys knew enough to stay away.

We — the Little Gentlemen, as we were called — entered in our twinkling pumps from our separate dressing room; one by one we bowed to Miss Florence, who stood graciously in the center of that vast slippery floor, and then took our seats side by side in the stag row. The young ladies made their entrance each dropping a curtsy, while we looked on with what might be described as mild interest.

There were no crushes in this business. But once you got going it wasn't too bad. The two Miss Florences in their mauve sateens had a party air and perfume about them; and what is more, they knew how to teach. Boys on one side, girls on the other, we went through the simple exercises, warming up as we got into "Heel-toe-and-a-one-two-three"; and then, when Miss Florence said, "The Young Gentlemen will please take partners for the schottische," there was a scramble for the

girls' camp. No love whatever was involved: we chose our partners for their speed, and Marjorie, who was just as skinny as I, I could trust to hold me up as we took the corners.

The waltz and the polka were the best because they worked up so easily into a race. The piano tinkled and round we twirled faster and faster, tongues out, curls flying, elbows all set, impervious to dizziness and the freshly waxed floor, past Bud, past Hump, faster and faster until with a click of the castanets Miss Florence silenced the piano and we all lurched to a stop with a look of elation as we heard her say, "The Young Gentlemen are going too fast."

For Saturday afternoons Keith's Vaudeville was one of those objectives which we didn't discuss at home. Just said we were going out. The trouble with our particular Keith's was that it had such a strong smell of disinfectants. I would overlook this between visits, but I couldn't overlook it when I was in my seat. Because of the smell and the possibility of a lemon or two in the acts, we very seldom sat through the entire show twice — besides, we had to have time for a Hot Dusty on the way home. A Hot Dusty as served at our favorite soda counter consisted of vanilla ice cream coated with a thick dusting of malted milk; over the pyramid was then poured hot melted fudge in which were walnuts and pecans, with a dab of marshmallow whip on the top — total cost, 15 cents. Supper after a Hot Dusty was tasteless.

John Mason Brown & Company

John Mason Brown's boys were four and eight when, on his return from the Navy, he was, as he says, "privileged to rediscover what being a father really meant." The habit of command which he had acquired in uniform helped a little but not much; the exposure to bombing and shellfire which he had experienced in the landings in Sicily and at Omaha Beach may have prepared him for the ack-ack and "the atomic bombing" which had become a daily occurrence in his home, as in mine.

Children always seem soluble until you try to bring them up, and this is the theme of his beguiling, informal book, *Morning Faces* (Whittlesey House, \$2.50), which I have been reading belatedly but with delight. John is one of the wittiest men of his time, and in his prose the business of being a parent is convulsive and touching. Whether he is describing the visit to the circus, where the last of many trips to the men's room concludes with his

youngest, after a deep inhale, remarking, "Oh, Daddy, smell the bulls!"; whether he is writing of a boy's first trip on the Twentieth Century, where father and son consumed a steak of "red-wood-tree dimensions," or exploring that no man's land between parent and teacher, or reporting a veteran's gooseflesh as the small boys repeat the oath of allegiance in assembly, this book is as discerning as it is amusing.

The walls of Warsaw

Just as *In Dubious Battle* and *Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck reflect the contending forces and sympathies in this country during the Depression, so the books of **John Hersey**, *Into the Valley*, his story of Guadalcanal, and *A Bell for Adano*, his morality of our occupation of Italy, together with his incomparable Report on Hiroshima, are the best exemplifications in fiction and fact of documentary writing, the blowing upon the embers of violent experience, of the 1940's.

In *The Wall* (Knopf, \$4.00) Mr. Hersey has sensitively enlarged the novel of contemporary history. His subject is one about which most Americans know little: the walling-in by the Germans of the Jews of Warsaw and other Jewish refugees, to form a defenseless ghetto of half a million persons within a hundred city blocks; a community ravaged by typhus and systematically exterminated by the Nazi brutality in the years 1940-1945.

Such is the "documentation" of *The Wall*, and the novelist's first problem was to bring the huge, prostrate, bleeding body of material within the focus and unity of a single observer. This he does by creating the character of Noach Levinson, a prying, persistent little scholar who comes to be the diarist of the ghetto. "N.L." sparks this story: his gaze and his great heart transmit to the reader the warm, living humanity in the long ordeal. Trained to write against all handicaps and toughened by poverty, Noach begins his recording as the thick-lensed clerk for the *Judenrat*, the ghetto's community council; but as families are dispossessed and the merciless crowding goes on, he fuses his identity with the others', and his curiosity and compassion, his fortitude and dreadful forethought, speak for them all. It is "N.L.'s" diary, supposedly some four million words, unearthed by a searching party after the liberation of Warsaw, which Mr. Hersey selects from and edits. There is his creative architecture.

And in it there are evident disadvantages: the diary runs longer than two ordinary novels, and both in its intimacy and in its ceaseless comings and goings it precludes any easy reidentification of the innumerable characters of whom N.L. is keeping track; in the early stages I found myself turning back and back to recapture clues. Again, the typography is at first forbidding to the eye, and with its brackets and interjections at times confusing.

But the advantages are greater. For by no other device could the novelist have encompassed so many lives; by no other means could he have traced and developed people as diverse as Dolek Berson, the impulsive, hardy drifter, a musician in the far-off days, with the buoyancy to keep him living to the end; or Pan Apt, the diamond merchant with his two daughters — Halinka, the beautiful gold digger, and Rachel, plain as a brick wall and twice as stalwart; or Menkes, the self-contained baker, and Professor Benlevi, the Nobel Peace Prize winner, and Schpunt, the defiant clown. Only in the diary form could their separate adventures be woven together so understandingly, and only by their intermingling and by the fierce humor and pathos of their resistance could the tragedy toward which they approached be kept from becoming intolerable. Had this novel been written by the omniscient eye, we should have missed its wonderful plausibility; we should have missed the delicacy and force with which N.L. himself reacts to his own people, and the poignant half disclosures with which he is taken into Rachel's heart. We need such scenes to pick us up, and so they do, as on that New Year's Eve when Berson plays to the "family" (twelve people living in three rooms) the forbidden German composers.

As the story reveals, the Jews, for all their heritage, were unready for such systematic brutality. The warnings which came to them from Wilno, Lublin, and Lodz did not at first weld them together. Within the ghetto the orthodox, the socialist, the communist continued to struggle for command, and the blind followers to find comfort in inaction. The Germans dealt their blows on the holy days and with calculating surprise, and the Jews temporized, bribing, smuggling, hoping for the way out.

From the swift and lambent characterization by Mr. Hersey, what we see is the dignity of man in a desperate struggle for survival. The coarseness, the squirming torture, the degradation of finely attuned people from disease, filth, hunger, and no privacy, the savagery of the man hunts, — these are conveyed and strained through the compassion of the diarist. The words are not brutal or obscene in themselves: it is the feeling which tells the story. I feel as if I had been living for a long time in this book, although actually my reading of it consumed less than ten days. I find it a searching, heroic story, and so will others if they approach it as a story of humanity transcending horror.

The real Mrs. Chesnut

Most diaries are a mass of trivia from which living people and crucial events rarely emerge. As I turned from Mr. Hersey's fictitious diary to re-reading **Mary Boykin Chesnut's** famous diary of the Civil War, *A Diary from Dixie* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), the contrast sharpened my appre-

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ciation of both writers: I recognized the selectivity with which Mr. Hersey had built up his episodes and the verisimilitude which he achieves without the touch of triviality, and I recognized Mrs. Chesnut's remarkable gift for catching the spirit of the moment and for reflecting in her so readable paragraphs the rise and fall not only of her personal hopes but of those of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Chesnut's diary in the original ran close to 400,000 words. In the first version, published in 1905, the editor had deleted everything likely to offend Southern elders or sentiment; now those deletions have been restored and we see in a volume twice the length of the earlier what Mrs. Chesnut was really thinking. Ben Ames Williams turned to this source in the preparation of his big novel, *House Divided*, and in his introduction to the restoration he gives us a charming sketch of the lady herself. He points out her unusual qualifications as a diarist. Her husband was aide to Beauregard and then to President Davis; her father, Stephen Decatur Miller, had been Governor of South Carolina, and had represented the state in the Senate. So Mrs. Chesnut knew Washington, she knew almost every one of the leaders of the Confederacy, she knew the life of the plantation, she knew the Negroes (and how she loathed slavery!); she was high-spirited, quick-witted, thirty-eight, and very attractive to men. They told her the works.

I think her diary is the clearest expression of the emotions, the intelligence, and the forebodings which were flowing through the Southern mind in those years of anguish. Mrs. Chesnut's principal interest was people, but through that interest, which expresses itself in a running commentary of courtships, legal and illegal, of births, deaths, and kinships, shine the stronger rays of her discerning philosophy.

Slavery she abominates as much for what it did to the Southern men as for what it did to the Negro. She knew the Yankee would fight, and disbelieved the atrocity stories. She detected the secession within the South — the inclination of Southern politicians to withhold from the Confederacy even before the capital was established at Richmond. She reports, from her husband, the lack of ammunition and the lamentable service of supplies at the time of the first Bull Run. She is acute in her reading of character. She rejoices in "this blessed American freedom to go straight to the top of the tree, if you are built for climbing." She despairs that she can have no children, and is remarkably candid in her delineation of that cool, poised gentleman, her husband. Her sympathy was quick, and defeat is a bitter pill. She saw it coming far in advance, and as things went from bad to worse, "I spend my time now," she wrote, "like a spider spinning my own entrails," and in that web of hers are the hopes and anguish of a great people.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



ONE of the minor points that bother me about the new book by James Burnham is the prophetic and alluring title: *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (John Day, \$3.50). It reminds me that, in a previous book, Mr. Burnham predicted the defeat of Russia by Germany and Japan — a disconcerting thought. However, the prophetic aspects of Burnham's essay are confined to a few final pages; and he has much to say about the struggle with Russia which seems to me of first-rate importance. Mr. Burnham is well schooled in Stalinist tactics, having in the thirties attempted to build a Communist Party in this country independent of the Kremlin. In 1940 he broke with Communism. Shortly afterward he published *The Managerial Revolution*, followed by *The Machiavellians*.

The argument of Burnham's current treatise, reduced to skeletal form, runs roughly as follows: the Western powers are still losing the so-called cold war (Russia's gains in Asia outweigh its setbacks in Europe). The chief reason for this is that U.S. policy-makers are thinking in terms of "preserving peace," when in effect no peace exists: Russia is actually waging war on the Western powers with all of the means it finds expedient to deploy, and is inexorably opposed to any "adjustment." We must, therefore, face up to the fact that there can only be one objective for U.S. policy: the destruction of Soviet-based Communism. It is possible, Mr. Burnham believes, that this objective can be attained without total war; and he formulates a plan for an all-out "political-subversive" offensive which might bring about a collapse of the Soviet regime (and would in any case facilitate an eventual military victory).

Ends and means

Burnham's analytic chapters are penetrating and arresting, and his advocacy of an aggressive anti-Communist strategy gains weight from the recently published reports of Generals Clay, Bedell Smith, and Howley. The author's limitation as a strategist — I suspect he considers it his strength — is the narrow Machiavellianism of his outlook.

The dangers of this approach in combating Communism are indirectly pointed up in a symposium edited by Richard Crossman, a British Member of Parliament, and entitled *The God That Failed*

THE PARK STREET Book Counter

BY THE Peripatetic Advertiser



The Spectacles
of Judgment

The Peripatetic Reviewer writes under the masthead of "The Atlantic Bookshelf." To the Peripatetic Advertiser, the wholly justified implication seems to be that the Reviewer's view is at least as broad and deep as the Atlantic. The offices of the Atlantic Monthly look east at the rising sun. The offices of the Peripatetic Advertiser on Park Street look west across the Boston Common at the Atlantic Monthly. The view of the Advertiser is sadly circumscribed by the grim necessity of proposing rather than disposing. Before the accusing finger of the Reviewer, his glance may falter to the left where the sun sets behind the Ritz Bar, but that is the end of his tether, for he is mindful of wide differences between the bookshelf and the counter. When books sit on the shelf, it generally means cash has crossed the counter. But when the books are on the counter, then the cash, dear reader, is still in your pocket. So let us leave the spectacles of judgment on the nose of the Reviewer, don the blindfold of necessity and assume the attitude of the advocate. Yet remember that the promise of the Ritz Bar and the jingle of change in a reader's pocket may be as good a spur to inspiration as the cold, clear light of morning growing over the Atlantic.



The Attitude of
the Advocate #1



Attitude #2

Now, as we were saying, the trouble with the book industry is that books are generally about something or other. That is a fact not always realized by those who make, sell, review or buy them. The world is misled by their general uniformity of appearance into putting the sheep and the wolf into the same cage. There is no reason why a man who wants a book about Man-of-War should go to the same store as the man who wants a life of Keats. Either may properly be ashamed to be seen in the other's company. It is as if the New York Times devoted a supplement to everything that could be sold in a cardboard box — "The Sunday Box Review Section"! When we speak of the world of letters, who asks what the letters spell? Consider, for instance, the fatuity of the publishers' advertising. Take this ad, for example. Under some such heading as

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we hope to interest you in comedy and tragedy, in the present, past and future, in red politics and in red mittens and the War Between the States and the prevalence of ghosts. For instance, there is a novel. Not like other household novels. It is the story of a journey after death between earth and eternity. It is about the understanding of life that comes to one for whom it is no longer a personal object. Here is one for whom life, stained by ambition, torn by love, is now a garment folded and put away. It is no longer shaped by need or warmed by haste. That life once fitted a man so snugly, how can he wear eternity? That is the question of the book. It is called *The Vintage*, by Anthony West (\$3.00).



Attitude #3

The art of the copywriter is more than most arts an art founded on frustration. When a reviewer takes the words of praise from his mouth, he feels a sense of

jealousy—What is there left for him to say now? When that reviewer is writing for the trade in advance of publication, the salt is really in the wound. To have to quote as we now do from a prepublication comment on our most recently published book is frustration frustrated:



Attitude #4

As congressman, senator, Secretary of War and Secretary of State, Calhoun fought in the political arena to sustain the life he loved, the life which is interwoven throughout the story of his public life — in his marriage, in his relations with his children, in his beloved home at Fort Hill, in Pendleton, South Carolina. Almost unaided, he averted war by compromise in 1833; and again in successive years, until — at his death — he knew it inevitable. A superb segment of history in the making; an impressive portrait of a great man.

The book is *John C. Calhoun* by Margaret L. Coit (\$5.00).



Attitude #5

Every publisher makes a New Year's resolution. It is to the effect that he will not let the good books of the last year be lost in the new fury of the new year. That resolution generally gets the average treatment for resolutions as the year progresses. Yet we discussed in the space last year one book which must not be forgotten merely because a page was torn from a calendar. It is *The Country of the Blind* by George S. Counts and Nucia Lodge (\$4.00). It is mostly translation, from Russian newspapers and periodicals. It is what the Russians tell the Russians. It is final proof of policy and it is policy in the making. It is a trip to Russia that every American can take. It isn't all caviar and vodka by any means. It is a grave book, but not wholly a pessimistic one. It is part of the battle for the world — a battle which still can be won before it is fought if men can take the trouble to understand the issues and the combatants.



Attitude #6



Final
Attitude

On December ninth, as the fiscal year lay dying and the selling year lay dead, we published a book by an author not widely known in America, *Little Boy Lost* by Marghanita Laski (\$2.75). It required a frantic reprinting within two days of publication and despite its last minute start must have ornamented about ten thousand Christmas trees. It is the story of the search for a war-born child in convalescent Europe by a father who has never seen the son who has lived through the first six years of life unsheltered by parental care, ignorant of his parents and his name. Such a child is a defenseless, puzzled creature in desperate need, and also a judge unsoftened by the habit of love. As the story develops, we are not sure whether it is the father or the son who is lost.

And now finally a book of short stories for the knowing palate. Geographically, these stories mark our national boundaries. Emotionally, they take us from the pure joy and pain of childhood to the subtle balances of maturity. The book is *The Women on the Wall* by Wallace Stegner (\$2.75).

The sun has set. The lights across the Common glitter with a hypnotic spell. Judgment should not sleep, nor should the judge disturb the balance of his mind with heady liquors. But no such prohibition disturbs the conscience of the advocate. Perhaps after all the position of the advocate is not without its compensations.



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(Harper, \$3.50). Here six prominent intellectuals—Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, and Stephen Spender (former members of the C.P.); André Gide and Louis Fischer (onetime fellow-travelers)—relate what drew them to Communism and what turned them against it. All six essays are a timely reminder of something which, at this date and especially in this country, some anti-Communist strategists—notably Mr. Burnham—take rather lightly: the potent appeal of Communism to the dispossessed and to the naïve idealist distraught by the belief that democracy has betrayed its values. Burnham has virtually nothing to say about the role of misery and the sense of injustice as recruiting agents for Communism; nothing about the role of social reform (in, say, Italy and the Middle East) in the forging of bulwarks against Communism. His chief concern is with "smashing" Communist juntas, plotting with exiles, and cultivating such questionable allies as the feudally-minded Mohammedan oligarchy.

Burnham also shows disturbing signs of wanting to see U.S. thinking regimented into what he considers the correct pattern. He vigorously condemns publishers and such institutions as the Foreign Policy Association for printing material which has taken an allegedly incorrect line. Elsewhere Burnham tilts indirectly at those troubled by the conduct of "loyalty" investigations, and he sneers at the professors who "bleat" about American ideals: that is, who are deeply attached to democratic values. A good deal of what he dismisses, contemptuously, with some such phrase as "liberal sentimentality" seems to me essential to the spirit we are fighting to preserve, and I can't help wondering just how much his fixation on power differs from the psychology of the Commissar.

Having said this, I should like to stress that a number of Burnham's prescriptions make extremely good sense and that his book is well worth serious attention. The dilemma it raises is, of course, a familiar one. In this life-and-death struggle we have to be prodigiously tough-minded, but where do we draw the line? To what extent can we afford to cultivate authoritarian allies, and house a part of our ideals in dead storage? To what extent can we afford to subordinate the means to the end?

Five of the contributors to *The God*

That Failed answer, in effect, "Not at all." (Koestler's position is not so extreme.) All six furnish eloquent testimony to the degeneration that sets in when policy is governed by the primacy of ends over means. The pieces by Silone and Wright are deeply moving confessions, and Koestler contributes a wonderfully interesting slice of personalized history. Mr. Crossman has put together a fascinating and significant volume.

The Battle of Germany

One of Mr. Burnham's valuable contributions is his forceful exposure of a Soviet tactic to which we have been particularly vulnerable. Periodically, the Russians agree to a minor concession or a trifling compromise; Gromyko puts on a show of cordiality; Stalin talks of peace—and promptly there is a naïve upsurge of optimism in the West; articles are written by respectable authorities hailing all this as evidence that "adjustment" is possible; and doubts are renewed as to the wisdom of drastic policy measures.

Additional testimony to the skill and effectiveness with which the Russians have employed the tactic of "good will" is contained in the opening chapters of **General Lucius Clay's** account of his four years' stewardship in Germany. Clay cites several fateful questions which American policy thought it unnecessary to raise in the first phase of the occupation, because of the Russians' convincing—and in the case of some individuals sincere—display of warmth and cordiality. (Those Russians whose good will was not just an act disappeared, of course, as soon as good will had served its purpose.)

Clay's *Decision in Germany* (Doubleday, \$4.50) is a lengthy chronicle of history-in-the-making, viewed from the top official level. As such its importance to the specialist and the historian is self-evident. So far as the general reader is concerned, it is my unpleasant duty to report that this is a disappointingly dull book. The writing, while simple and to the point, is definitely drab and fails to bring out the drama inherent in the General's story.

On the score of enlightenment, too, I found the return not up to expectations. Although there is, of course, distinct gain to be had from Clay's authoritative close-up of the Berlin struggle, this story and its lessons are by now pretty familiar. And when

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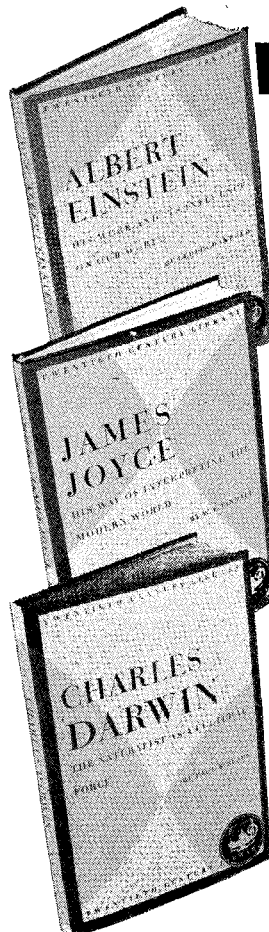
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dealing with the more controversial story, of German internal affairs, the General is too diplomatic to be much more than factually informative.

During the past year or so, a number of topflight newspaper correspondents have drawn an alarming picture of the resurgence of authoritarianism in Germany, and have severely criticized U.S. policy on such issues as the denazification of German education, the breakup of cartels, the caliber of some of the Germans we have supported, and so on. General Clay — though he deals with the German internal situation in considerable detail — does not, it seems to me, come squarely to grips with the questions raised by the critics. He sticks pretty closely to the classic official line: namely, to list the positive steps taken, admit inadequacies, and conclude that the balance was not unsatisfactory. An occasional phrase — for instance the remark, buried in a polite thumbnail sketch of Adenauer, that "he is not above using criticism of others to further party interests" — suggests that General Clay's opinions are made of much stronger stuff than his text.

In fairness it must be noted that the telling of this particular story raised a serious problem of discretion. Germany is still a crucial battleground, and it is easy to see what capital Soviet propaganda would make of any damaging revelations by General Clay, or of any remarks that might arouse anti-American sentiment among the Germans. If *Decision in Germany* is not as absorbing as it might have been, the chief reason, I suspect, is that Clay has set out to discharge a rather thankless task: to give us, in the fullest possible detail, a more or less official statement of the record. That he has done with painstaking thoroughness and unflinching modesty.

"Key to the universe"

Back in 1917, when Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity was already twelve years old, a physicist remarked to Professor Eddington: "You are one of three men who understand Relativity Theory." Professor Eddington looked pained, and was politely assured, "You shouldn't be embarrassed, you are too modest." "I am not embarrassed," Sir Arthur replied. "I am only wondering who is the third."

By now, Relativity Theory has influenced our whole life, and a rudimentary grasp of its basic ideas and results is within the reach of any educated person. I'm ashamed to confess that, until lately, I had put off grappling with this subject. The decisive stimulus was the recent report of an epoch-making new discovery by Professor Einstein — the New York *Times*, a stickler for sober headlines, labeled the discovery "key to the universe." It's pretty frustrating to be presented with a key to the universe and not to know, so to speak, the first thing about using keys. To anyone troubled by the same ignorance, I heartily recommend a small book whose timing could not be more fortunate, *Albert Einstein: His Work and Its Influence on Our World* (Scribner's, \$2.00). The author, Dr. Leopold Infeld, has worked with Einstein for over a decade on problems of Relativity Theory.

Dr. Infeld avoids with conspicuous success the two opposite pitfalls that confront the popularizer of highly abstract scientific theory. He does not "translate" the ideas he is dealing with into homely phrases and glib analogies which give the illusion of comprehension while concealing the core of the problem. At the same time his exposition, judging from my own experience, can be followed without much difficulty even by a reader with a high resistance to scientific ideas.

After reading Dr. Infeld, I turned for comparison to *Lincoln Barnett's The Universe and Dr. Einstein* (Sloane, \$2.50), published just over a year ago. Mr. Barnett's (even shorter) book is more attractively written, and certainly accomplishes its purpose very successfully. Dr. Infeld's exposition is more systematic — it opens with a very clear account of the dominant scientific concepts before the Einsteinian revolution — and also more thorough and more authoritative. Infeld's book, in short, is the less "popularized" of the two, and while it is not quite as easy reading as Mr. Barnett's, it provides a substantially higher return. Both books, incidentally, explain the problem which Einstein is now reported to have solved: the discovery of a Unified Field Theory which provides a bridge between Quantum Theory and Relativity Theory; which encompasses both the phenomena of the atom and of outer space.

The excellence of Orwell

Shortly before his recent death George Orwell, author of *Animal*

Farm and Nineteen Eighty-Four, received the first Partisan Review Award "for a significant contribution to literature," given not for a single book but "for a distinguished body of work." Orwell's writing, the *Partisan Review* observed, "has been marked by a singular directness and honesty, a scrupulous fidelity to experience that has placed him in that valuable class of the writer who is a witness to his time." This tribute tidily sums up the essential quality of the three pre-war novels by Orwell, all of them very different in subject matter, which have just been published by Harcourt, Brace. Two are reissues: *Down and Out in Paris and London* (\$2.75) and *Burmese Days* (\$3.00). One is new to American readers: *Coming Up for Air* (\$3.00).

The striking thing about Orwell as "a witness" is that, while he experienced fully the sordid realities of his time, he remained miraculously uncontaminated. He was one of the few men who traveled to the far Left without an unconditional surrender to dogma; one of the few who traveled away from it sadder and wiser but free of the guilt-complex that has led so many ex-revolutionaries into new extremes, new rigidities of thought. Orwell retained a rebellious clarity of vision which penetrated to the nastiness that is hidden, hushed up, camouflaged by convention. He was profoundly repelled by the cynicism and ruthlessness of the times; the corruption of language by the "doublethink" of politics, bureaucracy, and business; the pervasive sadism embedded in popular commercial culture (he wrote brilliantly about it in *Dickens, Dali and Others*). He was repelled, in every fiber, by hate and brutality.

Incapable of fanaticism, Orwell was an original kind of rebel, a dryly witty debunker of every sort of hypocrisy and cant. His outlook attests to an unshakable conviction that there is something infinitely important called "decency" which requires no analysis. One finds, in fact, in Orwell a curiously successful fusion of divergent elements: a brilliantly intelligent journalist, with a remarkable documentary talent; a rather tired, saddened, but unobtrusively active moralist; and just a vestige of what was best in Colonel Blimp.

Orwell was born in India, educated at Eton, and then served for five years in the Imperial Police in Burma. His *Burmese Days* is a damning picture of

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pukka sahibs and imperial justice, and a wonderfully sharp documentary of colonial life. Orwell presents the Burmese to us with equal sharpness—he is far too honest and intelligent to idealize the underdog. The main threads in the story are the abominable maneuvers of a rascally Burmese politician, and a decaying Englishman's desperate courtship of a conventionally-minded young girl just arrived from home. Artistically the novel is Orwell's best, a really distinguished work that seems to me the finest thing in its field since *A Passage to India*.

Down and Out in Paris and London, though labeled a novel, sounds like a record of Orwell's lean years after he left Burma. "Here is the world that awaits you if you are ever penniless," says the narrator, and he takes the reader on a picaresque journey which yields an intimate acquaintance with the slavery of a dishwasher in Paris and the subhuman existence of a tramp in and around London. The book is a very graphic piece of reportage and wryly amusing in spite of the grimness of the material.

In *Coming Up for Air*, written just before the war, Orwell turns portraitist of the lower middle class. The "I" is "a fat middle-aged bloke with false teeth and a red face"; with a nagging wife and a dreary home in one of the hundreds of indistinguishable streets that fester all over the cheap suburbs of London. Exhilarated by a new denture, he decides to take a secret holiday from his family and spend the seventeen pounds he has won at the races on a visit to the little village where he was born. This starts him reminiscing about his childhood, and the novel shapes into a lively personal history which sets in counterpoint the quality of life in England before the First World War and on the eve of the Second. The rich, amusing self-characterization of the narrator—vulgar, clear-sighted, and sympathetic—is a masterly achievement.

The general remarks made earlier about Orwell's writing can be taken as applying with full force to this very able novel. All three books mentioned have strengthened my admiration for Orwell's gifts and my warm liking for his literary personality.

The life of poetry

Ever since the fracas touched off by the Bollingen award to Ezra Pound, the long-standing controversy over modern poetry has assumed sur-

prising proportions. A good deal of the discussion has been conducted on a dismally low level, and eagerness to denounce the "difficult" poets has been more conspicuous than willingness to grapple with the problem of appreciation. It seems to me quite fatuous to assert, as several writers have done lately, that a number of the best-known American and British poets are deliberately confecting meaningless gibberish on the theory that the less the yokels understand, the more they will be impressed. This is an age-old accusation in the arts, and time has invariably made fools of the accusers.

On the other hand, it's quite clear that a good many of those defeated by modern poetry are sincere poetry-lovers who have given the contemporary product a sympathetic trial. This brings us to the heart of the matter: Why the breakdown of communication between poet and reader? Two recent books, both written by poets—Lloyd Frankenberg and Muriel Rukeyser—are devoted to this problem.

Lloyd Frankenberg offers us *Pleasure Dome* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) in the hope that it will "provide a bridge to modern poetry for readers like himself brought up on prose." I'm not too happy about the image of the bridge: one book is not going to provide the poetically benighted with a passage to the poetic paradise across the water. What *Pleasure Dome* does, rather, is to teach the benighted how to swim. The teaching is straightforward and pleasurable, and it deftly avoids the dangers that attend a venture of this kind: pomposity and condescension.

Modern poetry *is intelligible*, Mr. Frankenberg declares at the outset. "Its forms and language may be personal but they are not inscrutable." Why then does it often seem inscrutable? Mr. Frankenberg suggests two main explanations. Firstly (in Keats's day as in ours), new poetry "is always more difficult than the poetry of other times." (This point is amplified in the author's analysis of the dynamics of poetry.) In the second place, the contemporary habit of silent reading violates the poet's intent. Poetry must be heard to be enjoyed: "Poetry is an art of the ear's discriminations, a heightening of the inflections of prose. Like music, its meanings are conveyed through sound." (In support of this, Mr. Frankenberg has prepared the *Pleasure Dome* Record

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by Leo Lania

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Album, on which eight poets read from their works.)

Having affirmed that modern poetry is intelligible, Mr. Frankenberg devotes the bulk of his book to actual demonstration: he examines the work of five living poets in detail and seven others more briefly. The quotations are frequent and generous: the guide has taken pains not to supplant the landscape. He also reminds us that the landscape must constantly renew itself or wither. "What is usable in the past is not preserved by repetition. Conventions tend to deny tradition. Originality—the exploration of new forms, the discovery of new relationships—becomes tradition. By it the past, reinterpreted, is revived. . . . *In the arts discoveries only come from pushing things too far.*"

It is to the same shore that Miss Rukeyser brings us in *The Life of Poetry* (A. A. Wyn, \$3.00). Hers is a more ambitious book, a more profound and a vastly more demanding one, which explores the *why* of poetry as well as the *how*.

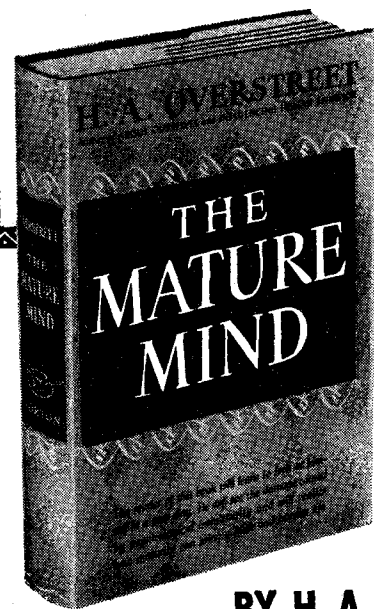
Miss Rukeyser sees a relationship between the "chaos" of our time and the "obscurity" that labels our poetry; there are clusters of events and emotions which require new ways of making them more human, and our poetry has not been good enough to find those ways. This is the author's one concession to the Philistine, and it is followed by a stern indictment. She attributes the "resistances" to poetry to society's hunger for uniformity and to its repressive codes, which have impoverished the imagination, have bred fear of emotional truth. The fear of poetry, she argues, is a fear of disturbing self-knowledge, a shrinking from complexity. In its widest aspect, it is the fear of experiment and change.

The Life of Poetry investigates communication in its every aspect, from the symbols and images of modern poetry to the release of aggression through the enjoyment of poetry; from the Blues to television, the movies, the theater, the dance; from the communications of art to those of science and religion.

Miss Rukeyser believes that poetry activates to something beyond itself, and therefore that it has "uses"—a point which has long shaken the aestheticians and which was luridly spotlighted by the *affaire* Ezra Pound. Respectfully but scorchingly Miss Rukeyser assails the exponents of the "New Criticism"—who hold

"A MIND-OPENER"

—EDWARD WEEKS,
Atlantic Monthly



BY H. A.

Overstreet

■ "Dr. Overstreet knows how to translate the basic wisdom of the race and the particular insights of modern psychology into clear, witty, and memorable sentences. This is a book for every American citizen who wishes to move toward wholeness of life. Many books entertain. Some instruct. This one, we think, really helps."—Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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that "poetry is words," an object not a process — as "specialists in dying." A poem, she says, invites you to approach truth of feeling; invites you to imagine. And you can build the truths, the imaginings into yourself; they will apply to your life; and it is more than likely that they will lead you to thought and action. Miss Rukeyser is not in any way suggesting that we can be "saved by poetry." Her claim is that poetry can be an "exercise" which makes our response to life fuller, makes us more human.

It is disappointing to have to qualify my welcome of this important and badly needed book. The sad paradox is that Miss Rukeyser trips up on the very problem which she explores with such arresting insight — the problem of communication. The book is written in a non-prose style that blurs the argument with ecstacy, that suggests an emotional shorthand, and presents other discouragements. It is certainly "intelligible." But the receptiveness it calls for, and the strain it imposes on the receptive reader, unfortunately limit its appeal. I hope that those seriously concerned with poetry will not be deterred.

MARY O'GRADY by *Mary Lavin*. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00.

Miss Lavin's short stories and her first novel, *The House in Cleve Street*, have shown her to be a solidly talented if distinctly old-fashioned writer. *Mary O'Grady* is a portrait, done in the Victorian tradition, of a poor Dublin family. The book opens at the beginning of the century, when Mary is the young bride of a Dublin streetcar conductor; and it traces the tragic destinies of Mary's five children over the next three decades. Setting and mores are described with an expert hand, and the reader's sympathies are engaged by Miss Lavin's devoted and courageous heroine. But the book is overweighted with inconsequential detail and activated by a succession of gratuitous disasters which, however possible in life, in fiction suggest that the author is dealing the cards unfairly.

A WORLD HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, Vol. I, by *Quincy Howe*. Simon and Schuster, \$5.00.

Beginning in 1900 and closing with the Armistice of 1918, this volume is the first of a projected three-volume history of the first half of the century. Mr. Howe "does not accept or set forth any basic philosophy of history." His modest foreword explains that the approach is that of a journalist writing "as if" he were dealing with his own experience, and seeking to

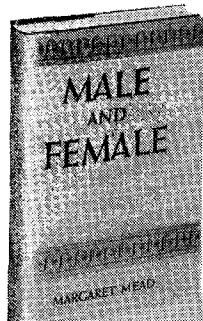
capture "the living substance" of the recent past. The author has selected his material very judiciously, and has shaped it into a lucid and absorbing narrative. If his prejudices (every historian has them) are at times discernible — notably in the pages on U.S. involvement in the First World War — they are never conspicuous.

Mr. Howe has, in short, turned out a book ideally suited for the general reader — sound history which is also good reading. The 300-odd photographs, maps, and cartoons make a fascinating contribution to the text.

TIGER IN THE GARDEN by *Speed Lamkin*. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.

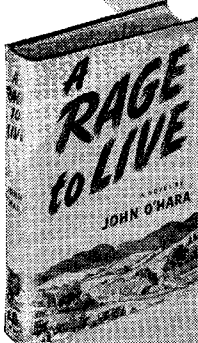
The defeat of one of the remaining nuclei of the Old South in its cold war with the modern world is the subject of this creditable first novel by an author just turned twenty. Reaching back to 1910, the narrator, a poor and admiring cousin of the aristocratic Richardsons of Louisiana, recalls their onetime glamour and chronicles their progressive decay. The book is notable for the absence of freaks, morons, and extremes of sensationalism which have been one of the *spécialités de la maison* of Southern fiction. Mr. Lamkin shows a good deal of skill in creating atmosphere and a distinct ability to keep his story moving — and the reader with it.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



THERE seems to be no diminution in after-dinner speaking. It's a folkway so powerful that no more than a dozen Americans can sit down to a meal together anywhere without arranging for someone to make them a speech. The quest is naturally for a speaker of great prominence, a world figure, the head man, but any speaker will do — indeed any speaker has to do: there are countless luncheon clubs and they use up speakers at a terrific clip.

Einstein must get a good many invitations from luncheon clubs. So do the leaders and innovators in every field. The Griggsville Fellowship would like to hear Einstein tell about relativity, it decides, or Hutchins on the University of Chicago, Williston on Contracts, or Hattie Carnegie on women's wear. But the odd thing about dining-room oratory is that every one of these speakers would be a ghastly flop if he hewed faithfully to the line of the assigned subject.

"Dullest stuff I ever heard," would be the finding. "Couldn't understand a word of it."

Take the case of the eminent psychologist, Dr. Seabury Rataplan, whose latest best-seller, *Sex Can Be Fun*, has just swept the country.

THIS MONTH

He's on the radio, on television — urbane, pithy, handsome, an admirable example of an expert who can talk to the public in language that it can understand. Yet it would be a gross error for Dr. Rataplan to accept the call to Griggsville and deliver even the most brilliant harangue on his subject of psychology.

No one realizes this better than Dr. Rataplan. Once the speech booking is firm, his first act of preparation for the Griggsville occasion is to reach for the encyclopedia. He reads: —

"GRIGGSVILLE . . . Brash County seat; alt. 1045 feet; on a branch of Dry Creek and on the Joplin, Carthage and Ligonier Railroad, 7 m. S. of Samarkand. It is a desolate region. A large number of baby chicks are shipped from here annually. The chief manufactures include wooden shoes, furnace appliances, cosmetics, and sand and gravel. The parks are Monument, downtown, with a monument; and Windswept, near the Creek branch. A Sand and

Gravel Festival has been held in mid-July since 1927. Pop. 2785."

Rataplan tells his secretary to get going on Griggsville research. She puts into the mail a mass of inquiries to trade associations, state officials, and a newspaperman whom Rataplan knows in Joplin. The Doctor bones up on baby chicks and the sand and gravel game. He is soon loaded with figures and a thumbnail sketch of the town's leading citizens. Psychology as a subject is out, but the Doctor is going to use it on Griggsville to the limit.

Thus we see Dr. Rataplan beaming at the Fellowship audience in the Persian Room of the Griggsville Arms two months later. Luncheon clubs use up jokes as quickly as they use up speakers, and Rataplan has just scored heavily with a few switches on the absent-minded professor theme. Any speaker not beginning his remarks with a comic anecdote runs the risk of being thought unbearably stuck-up; the more impressive his credentials, the cornier should be his stories. Rataplan knows this, too. No need to worry about Rataplan.

"I came down here with every intention of delivering a prepared speech," Rataplan tells them. "It was to be a speech on Psy-chol-o-gy."

Rataplan makes the word sound ludicrously awesome. The Fellowship is relieved to hear that it may not be an all-highbrow speech. That was what they thought they were buying, but they didn't really want one. They join Rataplan in a manly guffaw at Psy-chol-o-gy.

"Yes, I came down here with a prepared speech," Dr. Rataplan goes on. "I was going to tell you about Tendencies Towards Traumatic Narcolepsy in Preschool-Age Siblings of a Second Generation Out-Group in an Industrial Society." He waits with mock severity for the laugh, gets it. "But when I got off the train last night," he continues, "I was so struck by the wonderful quality of this community of yours that I tore up my prepared speech and threw it in the wastebasket. This is an extraordinary town you have here. I wonder if some

of you realize how lucky you are. So, if you don't mind, I'd like to give you my impressions of Griggsville — just an informal talk. If it had a title, I suppose you could call it 'My Kind of Town.'"

Mind? The Fellowship eats it up. Mind hearing the great Dr. Rataplan's thoughts about the fastest-growing division point on the JC&L? Mind not hearing instead a speech on Psy-chol-o-gy?

With the Fellowship snugly in tow, Dr. Rataplan sails into the extemporaneous text which he has so carefully memorized. It would be impossible to live in a town like Griggsville, without knowing every crack in its sidewalks, but the audience follows raptly the Doctor's account. It had never seen Griggsville before in quite this perspective, nor realized how famous the sand and gravel busi-

ness, for instance, had become. Yet here was Rataplan with the figures — 2345 carloads last year. Why, the fellow even knew the name of "Miss Sand and Gravel of 1949."

The Doctor ticks off the furnace appliances as a major part of the American war effort, passes up the wooden shoes, and works himself into a frenzy over Griggsville as the future world center of baby chicks. It will be by the time he returns, he assures the audience, and he hopes that this is only the first of many such get-togethers with the Fellowship.

"Best speaker we've had," was the opinion expressed afterwards by the chairman, whose daughter was Miss Sand and Gravel of 1949, and everyone else agreed that Dr. Rataplan had been a crashing success. They want him back next year.

CHARLES W. MORTON

BANKING IN TANGIER

by **RAOUL SIMPKINS**

RAOUL SIMPKINS is the pseudonym of a former British diplomat. He is now living in France, and we shall be publishing three somewhat peculiar articles from him, during the next few months, on the pleasures of life in the outskirts of Paris.

TANGIER has won the awe-stricken interest of the outside world by just not changing anything important about its arrangements for the past forty years. And what is so significant about that? This: that the financial prerogatives of the common citizen that were everywhere taken for granted back in 1910, and which almost everywhere else have now become major or minor crimes, are still in Tangier a matter of perfectly legal course.

What sort of prerogatives? Many of the young men and women on the campuses today have never even heard of them. The delightful Fifth Freedom, for example — the Freedom to Own Gold Outside of Fort Knox.

In 1910 the golden dollar, the gold sovereign, the louis d'or, and all the rest clinked encouragingly in the pockets of honest men. Today the very sight of gold means awful trouble. But not in Tangier, which economically remains a glorious "Lost

World," high on its plateau of Victorian laissez faire.

There in Tangier, where the donkeys bray beside the whopping great Cadillacs, and the Arab women squatting cross-legged in the market place try to make a fast dollar with some chopped nuts and saffron, next to the group of Belgian businessmen wearing inscrutable expressions and Savile Row suits, you can buy or sell



gold in any quantity and with complete legality to your heart's content. Bullion, specie, bar gold, ingots, what have you. Australian half sovereigns with Edward VII's effigy benign upon them; Napoleon III 20-franc pieces; American eagles screaming mutely on the fabled stuff.

At first it is a shock to see the casual way in which the Fort Knox Special is handled. An Arab boy

bounces up to you in the street with a jaunty leer. He holds a handsome green morocco case. The case is snapped open to reveal a gleaming mass of sovereigns.

"Best quotations here, sir. Compare my discounts."

Indeed comparisons are easy. For in the narrow lanes the money men sit elbow to elbow, like British race-track bookies, their slates ("Deal with Yussef, the gentleman broker") above them. But instead of prices quoted against horses' names, we see a neat chalked listing of the world's main currencies — dollars, belgas, French francs, pesetas, Swiss francs, and the rest. And all sorts of fascinating subdivisions too, such as "One pound sterling Tangier account," "One pound blue note" (quoted at a sharp discount because blue notes were not made, as are the present green ones, with a special streak through their middles to make easy the detection of counterfeits), "One pound cheque," and so forth.

Good U.S. greenbacks, so coveted by the sad and regimented non-Tangier world, are there in huge, careless piles. How many do you want? Buy or sell — no trouble. That fine old patriarch — who might well be Abd-el-Krim in person — will do a deal in a blasé pause between two coffees.

The Tangier setup is simple — the beautiful simplicity which has been red-taped and managed to death everywhere else. It is an International Zone — run, at the last count, by seven different countries, the United States, Britain, France, and Spain among them. There are no taxes in Tangier, and no tiresome restrictions on private enterprise. Just ponder that — no income tax, no supertax, no profits tax, no death duties or inheritance tax, no sales tax.

The only touch of austerity is a flat 12½ per cent ad valorem customs duty on anything which you bring into the Zone (but you are welcome to bring as much as you want — there is nothing so offensive as an import quota). On gold and jewels the rate, considerably enough, is only 7½ per cent.

These customs duties, plus some monopolies of which tobacco is the most important, are sufficient to put Tangier's finances resoundingly into the black year after year. But then Tangier can scarcely be called a welfare statelet. There is no unemployment insurance. No military expenditure (reason — no military). No health services. No hospitalization schemes. No free wigs for the Arabs. If you fall on evil days in Tangier you get shipped home by your local consul.

In 1939, Tangier was a city of 40,000 somnolent souls and possessed ten banks doing humdrum business. Today the population is 150,000 and darting upwards as fast as a fever chart graph. And there are eighty-one banks.

There are two compelling reasons for this bank glut. (1) It is about as easy to start a legally watertight bank in Tangier as it is to get a driving license in the District of Columbia. (2) As rules and restrictions, quotas and forms, prohibitions and penalties, multiply all over the rest of the world, Tangier maintains its bland invitation to Business as Usual.

To become a banker in good standing in the Zone, you have to put up just \$400. Then you pick a good title for your bank (and there are some very fancy titles at work right now). Then you incorporate yourself, with or without associates or your father-in-law. And then you are required to find a sum averaging \$28 a year for "renewal of patent." From then on in, it is strictly up to you.

All over the world, oppressed capi-

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talists see Tangier as a gleam of North African light amid the gloom of interfering governments. The result is that the amount of money that has passed through the Zone since the war is conservatively estimated at 100 million pounds sterling a year.

The Tangier banks are very dis-



creet. If you prefer, for reasons of your own, to hold a safe-deposit box under a pseudonym or just a number, they understand perfectly. And if, although living in Amsterdam, you indicate that your personal eccentricity is to have telegrams concerning your account delivered in Antwerp, addressed to someone else, and written in code, they again understand perfectly.

No figures are ever published. There is nothing silly such as a yearly statement. The banks take the line that they are not there to satisfy vulgar curiosity. On this stand they are warmly applauded, in a great many languages, by their clients.

The banks vary considerably in their scale and style. You take your choice — anything from a solid establishment (probably one of the pre-war ten) with impressive offices and plenty of capital-in-being, to a one-man operator sitting in a nine-by-five room on the fifth floor back of a walk-up. But this man in his grubby office, who probably started operations by borrowing the required \$400 from a fellow Central European who preceded him to Tangier, is in just as good standing as the big outfit. "You too can be a banker" is Tangier's slogan.

The smaller banks don't greatly resemble U.S. banks, even the ones in small American towns. Although they often handle vast sums of transient capital, you rarely see anyone actually inside them. Quite a few of them don't bother with checking accounts — or checks. One man enterprisingly installed what looked like a conventional front office, with grills, a

line of tellers' windows, and the usual notices — "Deposit Accounts," "Government Bonds," "Foreign Exchange," and so on. But it was all a dummy made of papier-mâché. There were no tellers. In a back room he, his wife, and a cousin transacted the real business — helping Belgians, Swiss, Swedes, Danes, Austrians, Spaniards, and anyone else, to ease their capital out of the country in which it lay locked, and get it safely to the United States by way of the Zone.

Real-estate prices have jumped thirtyfold since 1939, and new apartment houses rear upwards at an almost Texan tempo. Sometimes not so solid as Texas though. An American official told me: "If you're thinking of buying a newly built house or apartment, it's a good idea to wait for a rainy day before you sign anything. Then, if your house is still standing after the rain, go ahead."

Down in the harbor, laughing Moors are busy heaving cartons of American cigarettes onto yachts bound for France, and cases of penicillin, streptomycin, cameras, and fountain pens for Spain. The yachts, as everyone knows, are owned by smugglers (often they are British-registered over in Gibraltar), and this is one of the most openly thriving contraband affairs anywhere in the world. No one interferes, for the Tangier authorities take the common-sense view that what leaves their pretty port is of no concern to them, and that they can scarcely be held accountable for what may happen on the other side of the Mediterranean.

But the most uproarious Tangier racket that has yet come to light was exposed when several of Scotland Yard's top men flew, red-faced, into the Zone.

Ever since the International Zone was set up, Britain, in common with some of the other interested powers, has maintained a post office of her own in the city. It is run by officials of the highest integrity, and until recently its main interest was to philatelists (the stamps are of the reigning British sovereign, with "Tangier" overprints).

But about two years ago some of the boys in London suddenly realized the opportunity that was theirs. Since post-war austerity set in, no one in Britain has been allowed to export anything of value, except after exhaustive checking by the Treasury and special permits from the Bank of England.

In the past two years, however, about three quarters of a million pounds' worth of diamonds has been openly exported from London to New York, via Tangier. There have been one or two legal deals, but nearly all of this traffic was without the blessing or indeed knowledge of either the British Treasury or the Bank of England. For since Tangier appears on official lists as "British Post Office," it was treated by the post-office men as on a par with Bridlington, Brighton, or Bude. Why should they worry their heads over the circumstance that Tangier happened to be in North Africa? It was a *British* post office, wasn't it? And if you were sending parcels to a British post office, then there was no need for an export license. So the registered parcels of diamonds came thick and fast from London, reached Tangier all shipshape, and were then picked up and immediately redirected to New York.

Scotland Yard has stopped that one now. But everyone in the Zone is



waiting with heavy-lidded interest for the next stratagem.

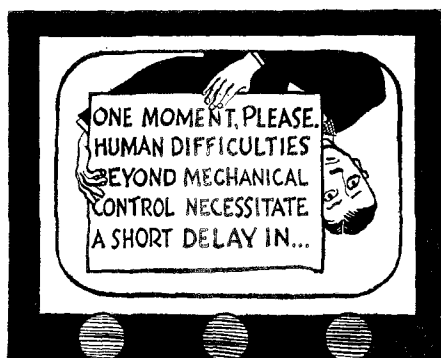
And meanwhile old Abd-el-Krim will be happy to sell you excellent office space, all the needed bank documents — and lots of the stuff that bankers shovel across their counters.

Nice climate too.

SIDE ORDER

by ETHEL JACOBSON

WE don't feed Rover
At the table.
We don't feed — that is,
If we're able
To keep our eyes
From meeting his,
We don't feed Rover . . .
Well, that is. . .



VIDEO, I LOVE YOU

by EVANGELINE DAVIS

EVANGELINE DAVIS lives in Baltimore, where her husband is a newspaperman. She was formerly a staff writer for the old Atlanta Georgian.

I AM under no illusions; my days of glee are surely numbered. Television in its swaddling clothes may permit uproarious touches of reality to enter the solemn rites of merchandising, but I know well enough that its commercials will soon be snatched from the live camera and be canned safely on film or worked into grisly animated cartoons. Meanwhile my life brims over.

I first glimpsed the glories of TV's abortive commercials during a syrupy hymn of praise to cigarette lighters. The announcer chanted a familiar hypnotic ritual, holding the lighter of destiny before me in his hand, large as life. He turned confident eyes upon me. "Flick," he said in his network baritone, "and it's lit." He pressed the lighter and continued to look at me for a sublime second, then glanced sidelong at the lighter. It was unlit. Flick, flick, flick, he pressed madly on the lever, consternation on his face. When the lighter recovered, his magic was gone and I was prostrate across a littered coffee table, enjoying with all within reach of the coaxial cables the spectacle of the crack-up of the Atomic Age.

Two nights later a cream-voiced young announcer beamed at me from a Washington station. "Deep-down smoking enjoyment with never a scratch of the throat," he sang. He inhaled deeply on a cigarette and exhaled. "Never an irritation," he said — and then broke into an almost apoplectic cough. The camera, its operator probably frozen with fright, remained steadfastly upon him while he struggled and choked.

The blight also touched a hawker

of beer, one of those bit players whose duty is to hold a beaded glass of the brew close to his lips, grinning lustfully as he eyes its goodness. I knew the routine. He might pretend to drink the stuff, but could not. He would sigh at his beer, and the camera would switch for an instant, to return as he held the empty glass before him, still sighing in ecstasy while the announcer sang of malten glories.

This time the camera did not switch. The drinker held his smile a moment, then turned and sloshed the beer into a pail at his side.

A Baltimore announcer once delighted me with a simple station break between scenes of a remarkable pageant wrought of sports results, drama, song and dance. Apparently he was accustomed to speaking over a microphone which was cut off immediately after he intoned the call letters of the station, for he said: "Station WMOO-TV, Channel 7, Baltimore." And then, turning his head with an exasperated expression, he added for us all: "What the hell's going on around here?" I never found out.

I was once richly repaid for the crude interruptions of a football game by slides picturing huge moving vans. The same transportation firm was presenting a newsreel. In the midst of it the commercial flashed, a huge portrait of a transfer truck, with an announcer warning me, for safety's sake, that I should move all my chattels in this great van. The next moment, the newsreel pictured the result of a highway accident near our city. In the center of the crash, turned on its side and badly damaged, lay a great transfer truck, with the name of the sponsor in huge letters on it.

I have seen, too, a young man selling bread hold a loaf of his sponsor's product aloft and shout at me that I should buy the loaf of a local competitor. I have watched a great city's mayor incorrectly identify the name of the station on which he was a guest — and seen him squirm as the knowledge came to him after his third repetition.

There have been other, lesser, pleasures, and perhaps I shall always be rewarded. For, so long as we can actually see the participants in programs at their work, we shall now and again catch them in a moment of frustration. And that, it seems to me, is the refreshing interlude in national life as lived in the air waves.

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of

Great Western



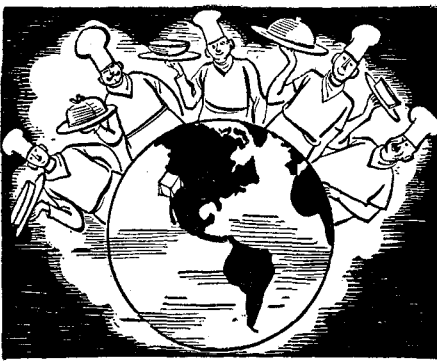
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EATING IN SAN FRANCISCO

by SALVATORE P. LUCIA

A San Francisco doctor by vocation, SALVATORE P. LUCIA is a well-known amateur of fine wines. He served on the Judges Committee, Red Table Wines, California State Fair, for the past three years and is a member of the Board of Governors, San Francisco Branch of the Wine and Food Society.

SAN FRANCISCANS enjoy eating out. Some say that it is a heritage from the gold seekers who journeyed to California without their families, became accustomed to the good and exotic cookery of the restaurants of San Francisco, and were never again completely satisfied to eat at home.

More San Franciscans entertain their friends at restaurants than is true of hosts in most other cities of the United States. The San Franciscan knows good food, anticipates it, and demands it of the many famous restaurants of the city. Gastronomically he has always been an internationalist — anyone not afraid to be uprooted and to come halfway around the world in search of gold would not be afraid to try a new style of cooking.

The descendants of these undaunted people are also willing to experience a new palatal adventure, for tempting foods and new taste experiences add variety and color to a life made monotonous by the twentieth-century routine.

Emigrants from many lands have added their bit to the culinary mélange which characterizes the city — early Russian explorers, Polish mercenaries, Spanish, Italian, and French pioneers, Chinese and Mexican laborers, displaced Armenians, Scandinavian seamen, and Japanese farmers. They have all contrived to give to the cuisine of San Francisco an international character which has left an indelible impression on the eating habits of the city.

With plenty of fine raw material available, it is no great task for a chef of reasonable talent to produce fine dishes. The amazing feature is that simple people from diverse regions of the world, using their native techniques, have created excellent dishes from less choice materials, and thus have embellished the local art of cookery, so that it constitutes a distinctive contribution to American gastronomy. Such creations as the Spanish enchilada, the Italian pizza, the French ragouts, the Chinese garnitured spareribs, the Armenian mutton dishes, and the East Indian Rijstafel are inexpensive in basic substances, but a taste thrill for the connoisseur.

There are about three thousand restaurants in San Francisco; two hundred and fifty are establishments where fine food is a specialty, and the remainder aim merely to allay the pangs of hunger. Among the former there are about one hundred whose fame has spread beyond the city. Such keen competition at the top leaves no place for a pretender. Perhaps the plenitude of well-prepared food accounts for the absence of the typical "tearoom."

The French chefs, imported by the nabobs, have conditioned the more elegant and extravagant cuisine, while for the ordinary fare, the Italian and Chinese cooks have left the greatest imprint on the city.

The French chefs who are currently catering to those who enjoy the pleasures of the table stem from the early-day San Francisco masters of the culinary art, men who taught their apprentices in the old guild manner, thus perpetuating their knowledge from one generation to another. If engaged in conversation, a chef will recite his professional genealogy as proudly as the pupils of a great musician. The best French cooking in San Francisco is to be found in the fine hotels, several restaurants, the private clubs, and in many homes. The Palace Hotel, the "Bonanza Inn" of the nineteenth century, still is outstanding for its cuisine — it caters with the same elegance and spirit — and the seeker of fine food would do well to make the acquaintance of the chef, M. Heyraud, whose hors d'oeuvre recherchés, petite marmite Henri IV, huîtres à la Lucien, œufs d'aloise amandines, coquille St. Jacques, pintade véronique, filet de bœuf Grand Veneur, and gnocchis Parisienne are outstanding.

At the St. Francis Hotel, gentle, artistic Joseph Delon, pupil of La-faille and beloved former chef of the Bohemian Club, endears himself to the clientele with unlimited culinary genius, and produces vol-au-vents, Rex sole bonne femme, canard Rouennaise, and delicate sautés of unsurpassed quality.

Excellent French dishes may also be obtained at many restaurants, such as Jack's, Camille's, and the Ritz, where escargots, fine fish and chicken dishes prepared with any of a dozen or more of the classical sauces, crab cooked in nearly every way devised by man, and crêpes suzettes may be had to please the most fastidious of epicurean palates.

The Italian chefs have set the pattern for the order of the menu characteristically encountered in the restaurants of San Francisco. At almost any good Italian restaurant the following foods will come your way: for the antipasto — an assortment of salami, prosciutto, radishes, celery, green onions, peperoncini, pickles, hearts of artichokes, beans vinaigrette, and green and black olives. Then comes the tossed green salad of lettuce, endive, and romaine, with a few assorted cooked vegetables, such as julienne carrots, pickled beets, or green beans, occasionally garnished with anchovies, local shrimp, or crab legs. Next follows the minestrone with a separate dish of grated Parmesan cheese so that you need not skimp on the quantity to float and melt into the soup. Then the pasta, which may be ravioli, spaghetti,



tagliarini, mostaccioli, gnocchi, ziti, lasagne, maccheroni verde, or pasta asciutta.

Up to this point there is no choice, but then the entree of your desire is served, which may be fish, sweetbreads, scaloppine, veal cutlets Milanese, various cuts of beef, or other specialties of the establishment. The traditional dessert is cheese and

crackers, or a dish of nuts and apples; however, the modern Italian restaurateur has bowed to the American custom of ice cream, and many serve fried cream or banana fritters flambéed with cognac or rum.

In search of *la cucina italiana* in San Francisco one makes no mistake at Amelio's, Fior d'Italia, Julius' Castle, the Manger, Panelli's, St. Julien's, or Vanessi's. And for pizza, the inimitable Lupo's is a spot transplanted out of the heart of Naples.

There are many fine Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, and they may be divided into those which serve dishes expressly for the Americans, including chop suey and chow mein, created to meet the Occidental concept of Chinese food, and those restaurants which are strictly Chinese. Some of the latter offer the ordinary meal dishes which constitute the basic cuisine, the chief ingredients being vegetables, the more economical filler substances, and beef and pork. Others offer the banquet dishes, in which the more extravagant ingredients are used, including among the meats chicken, squab, duck, shrimp, oysters, lobster, and crab; and among the vegetables, water chestnut, a variety of mushrooms, and Holland peas; also melons of various types. These may be cooked with nuts and pineapple, and served with soy or sweet and sour sauces.

The pattern of the Chinese dinner is not unlike that of the Rijstaffel. Many food combinations of exquisite quality and character, served in Oriental porcelain compotes, surround the bowl of boiled or fried rice, and it is fun to learn to handle this largesse with chopsticks. The dishes are all served simultaneously, and with them plenty of very hot Chinese green tea to be drunk from small tea bowls. A typical menu for the Occidental would be soy-bean cake, shark fin, or won ton soup, fried rice, chicken with almonds and mushrooms, spareribs with pineapple and sweet and sour sauce, deep-fried prawns, boneless squab with chard, mandarin or Peking duck, lobster or crab with mushrooms, paper-wrapped deep-fried chicken, and for dessert, almond or rice cakes, and of course plenty of tea.

A feature of the Chinese restaurant,



and one known only to a few fortunate natives outside of the Chinese colony, is that the reputation of the cook is all-important, and that of the restaurant means nothing. If the cook leaves, the Chinese gourmet follows him to his next place of employment. In the present equilibrium, one may obtain excellent Chinese food at Tao Yuan, Sun Hung Heung, the Far East, Canton Low, Kuo Wah, and Tao Tao.

Other restaurants of fine quality but of less impact on the character of the cuisine of San Francisco include, among the Spanish and Mexican type, the Tortola, where the sauces are superb; the very fine House That Jack Built, where the cuisine merits highest marks; the Papagayo Room in the Fairmont Hotel, which is one of the smartest eating places of its kind in San Francisco; the Xochimileo, which specializes in meats baked in adobe; and the Basque restaurants, Jai Alai and Español, where the peasant dish of chick-peas and oxtail offers a pleasant relief to any jaded palate. Just over the city line is to be found the famous Spanish kitchen of Estrada.

For those who are in search of the fare of the Near East, Chef Mardikian creates at Omar Khayyam's Turkish and Armenian delicacies of exquisite quality.

Lastly, for those who desire sea food, there is the famous Fisherman's Wharf, where every possible edible aquatic form may be had, and where the simple cooking brings out the innate goodness of the fish itself. For the more sophisticated fancier of fish dishes, the Tadich Grill, founded in 1849, is a landmark and a place where the finest sea food in San Francisco may be obtained. The outstanding dishes at Tadich's are Rex sole, abalone, crab meat à la Monza, and any number of chowders. Sam's Grill offers excellent turtle soup, baked clams Elizabeth, crab meat omelet, and here the Rex sole and filet of petrale are prepared with divine nicety.

The restaurants of San Francisco offer an interesting presentation of food and a kaleidoscope of palatal experiences for the gourmet. The local cuisine is as distinctive as is the spirit of the pioneers, which still permeates the people.



She writes
for THE ATLANTIC

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VARIANTS MY EYE!

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

F.P.A. is widely known as an authority on the old songs, the sort of poker described by Hoyle, and cue games of various kinds. He was one of the stalwarts of "Information Please" and proprietor of "The Conning Tower" in the old New York World.

THERE are, I have it on rumor, so-called poker players who play Dealer's Choice, which includes such effeminate variations as Baseball, Saliva-in-the-Sea (slang for Spit-in-the-Ocean), seven-card stud, including High and Low, and possibly some I never have heard of.

Of course, those with long memories recall that the rapid-fire vaudeville teams used to say "Every little helps, as the old lady said as she spit in the ocean." How I remember the teams — might have been Fields and Lewis — who said, "Where did you get that hat?" "Hatteras." "The coat?" "Dakota." "The vest?" "Vest Virginia." "The pants?" "Pantsylvania." "The necktie?" "A feller give it to me." Russel Crouse and I used to hear that team, but we have the tie in Ticonderoga, and the shoes at Simon and Shoestore. So Fields whacks Lewis with a newspaper, "What you hittin' me with the Herald for?" "The Times is too hard." I saw them dozens of times, and the routine never varied.

But what I started to say concerned the "variations" in poker. They are no good. You can't improve on the five-card game, be it stud or draw.

And this brings me to my thesis: That you can't improve on food and drink. The fruit or berry pies that some companies supply the restaurants that don't have their own pastry cooks with, use some "preserva-

tive" in their pies. It looks like gelatin, it probably is gelatin, but it tastes like a poor quality of library paste. By the way, at Ann Arbor in the nineties, we in the \$3-a-week boardinghouse had three varieties of pie: covered, uncovered, and cross-bar.

Although I no longer order pies in the second-to-ninth places that I frequent, I have even more trouble at home, including being called Disagreeable and Always Complaining. (Not always; only about 80 per cent of the time.) She always (100 per cent) exaggerates.

In the first place, as I call my home, I complain about Hot Fruit Pies, especially Apple and Blueberry. And I complain when They (meaning a new cook, and If You Don't Like It, Suppose You Go and Get a Better One) put cinnamon in apple pie, sprinkle parsley on meat and potatoes; I scrape the parsley off, in a nice, polite, and ostentatious way. Sometimes They put nutmeg in pies, and though I dislike it, I don't complain in Connecticut. Our state was named in honor of wooden nutmegs, which it was thought "shrewd" Connecticut peddlers sold for the real thing.

And speaking of nutmeg, why, unless you tell him not to, does the bar-

tender put grated nutmeg on top of a milk punch?

My idea is that you can't improve on the taste of anything by trying to make it taste like something else. If you have to put sugar on melons or grapefruit, they are no good in the first place.

In the same category is ginger ale and rye, Cola and rye or rum. And while I am drinking, let me register a complaint about that Contradiction in Terms, the Scotch Old-Fashioned. If you want an Old-Fashioned divested of pineapple, a slice of orange or lemon, or other Fruits and Flowers, do you know what you ask for? A Drag.

To my many murders — and I would take a chance with the jury — is that of the cook who puts sugar in tomato soup, and baking soda in peas and beans, to "bring out the color."

But I have discovered something that actually adds something to clam chowder, and I don't mean that other Term-Contradiction, Manhattan Clam Chowder, which is vegetable soup with caraway seeds. I mean clam chowder, made with milk and a lot of clams. Put about a medicine dropper of sherry in it. And as the radio announcers say about beer and cereals, m-m-m!

THE WETNESSES

by R. P. LISTER

Who are we, the eighty aged ones,
We who have seen so many summer suns,
We that guard the doors,
That polish the floors,
That pull the little boat with the eighty oars,

We of the river, the water kings,
Masters of music, riders on eighty wings
(And that's one each), owners of eighty eyes
And eighty eyeshades? Ho, in what far skies
We drip while the damp world dries.

There on the Bogus Mountains,
Pseudo-symbolical soda fountains,
There, friends, we languish,
Knowing ecstacy, anguish,
Eating a potted ham sanguish.

We are the hungry aged ones, the eighty,
Johnnie and Joe and Jennie and Karl and Katie,
Sitting over the world, eighty old bores,
Keeping the rivers from running dry and guarding the doors,
Like tenpenny idols bought in the multiple stores.



by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now copy editor of Pathfinder. He is a graduate of the University of Rochester.

WHEN video's sinister flickering crept over the horizon two years ago, the orphans of the approaching television storm seemed already picked and doomed. They were the unlucky people who happened to prefer Bach to Berle, or Wagner to wrestling.

As something to watch, Bruno Walter waving a baton obviously could not compete with the antics of Arthur Godfrey's friends, and that was that. Pictures were in and music was out. Dealers promptly began unloading radio phonographs at sacrifice prices and closing out record stocks with grab-and-smash, 50 per cent off sales.

Radio columnists predicted that straight audio radio was as good as dead. Many generously included the record player in their obituary prophecies. Set manufacturers went along with the trend, helping it onward by focusing all their competitive efforts on picture tubes. The sound systems in their sets, skimpy to begin with, grew progressively worse under pressure of price-cutting. Many a television receiver priced today at more than \$400 is equipped with audio components which would disgrace a \$29 table radio. One video set owner, an East Coast professional man, remarked ruefully while tuning out ABC's broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera's 1949 opening: "Even with Risé Stevens in pants, a half hour's opera is all I can watch." His choice of the word *watch* was a good one. In the screeching, thudding reproduction of Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*

produced by his machine there was certainly small temptation to *listen* longer. Nor did he.

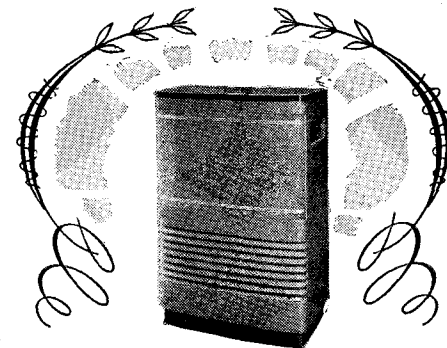
Fortunately, many music lovers are made of sterner stuff, as they had proved in pre-TV days. Then, when network broadcast sponsors neglected them, they had inspired and supported local classical-record stations in many cities. Now, when the established, large-scale radio manufacturers began to desert them, they sought other ways to bring good music reproduction into their homes. They succeeded and, in the process, they not only restored the sales level of record players: they bred a whole new industry — one which has flourished fabulously, if almost unadvertised, in the last three years. It is "hi-fi" — the making and selling of what are called high-fidelity custom components.

These are simply the separate working components which make up (or ought to, but don't) a modern high-quality radio phonograph. Basic items are four, or perhaps five: a tuner (FM or AM-FM) to pick up the signal of a radio station; a phonograph record player with wide-range pickup cartridge; an amplifier to increase the volume of signals a few millionfold; and last, a loud-speaker capable of reproducing the full sonic scale.

A couple of years ago, one more factor had to be added, for the non-technical music lover: a skilled serviceman to hook the components together.

This hazard is now history. Any person capable of coping with a 1950 combination waffle iron and sandwich grill can assemble his high-fidelity gadgetry himself — or herself. And many *décor*-conscious housewives have been instantaneously converted to the custom-component cult by the realization that the whole assembly can be housed in existing

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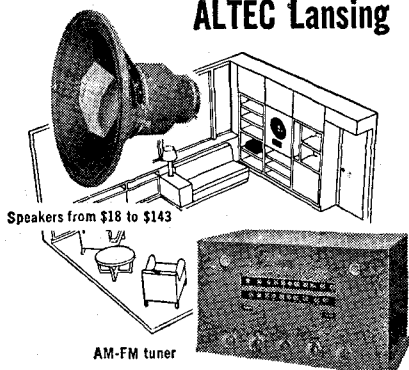
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furniture (a corner cabinet, for instance) or, more ambitiously, in the very wall of a room. This renders obsolete, at one swoop, the assortment of late-Victorian-early-shoebox consoles too many radio makers have forced upon their hapless victims in late years.

However, this is secondary. What really justifies the existence of custom components is that they are startlingly, drastically better at reproducing music than their counterparts in ready-made sets.

Pridefully dedicated to keeping them better is a newly formed group called the Audio Engineering Society, who held their first convention in New York recently. It developed into a sort of symphonic tournament, with one rig (a word all AES members use, but profess to hate because it's undignified) bellowing Brahms's Fourth down the halls of a midtown hotel while rival gadgets tried to drown it out with Stravinsky's *Sacre* or the Emperor Waltz. It was horribly lifelike proof of what a hi-fi rig really could do.

Such a rig's components would be designed to handle, without appreciable distortion, all the tones the human ear can take in—sound frequencies from about 50 cycles per second at the bass end, to about 15,000 cycles at the treble end. For comparison, one of the most popular commercial long-playing record attachments delivers no treble above 4000 cycles. Many a popular console radio-TV set cuts off at 5000 c.p.s. A table radio may handle only the range between 300 and 4000 c.p.s., hardly one quarter of the tone range the ear gets in a concert hall.

The first critical component in the rig would be the phonograph pickup cartridge, the inconspicuous little device, screwed under the end of the tone arm, which holds the record-playing stylus (the term "needle" is *o-u-t*, out). In almost all instances this would be a magnetic cartridge, probably employing a principle called variable reluctance, using a jewel-tipped stylus with a wide-range response and costing somewhere between \$5 (with sapphire) and \$36 (with diamond). Its extreme light weight increases record life immeasurably.

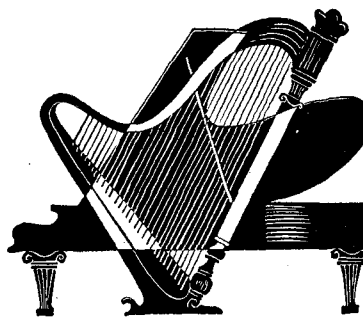
If a broadcast, instead of a phonograph record, were furnishing the music, the prime component would be a tuner. Probably this would be an FM tuner, since few AM stations deliver broadcasts full-ranged enough to justify using high-fidelity equipment on them. Excellent FM tuners are available from \$35 up. (This and all other prices quoted are *net* to the consumer—usually about 40 per cent off the list price.) The costlier ones have "magic eyes" and kindred devices making it easier for lazy people to get their stations dead center. They also provide finer tuning, requiring less power in the amplifier and thus in turn cutting down the amount of noise.

The heart of the system would be the amplifier, which takes the infinitesimal electric impulse furnished by the tuner or the phono pickup, magnifies it approximately a million-fold, and uses it to vibrate the loudspeaker.

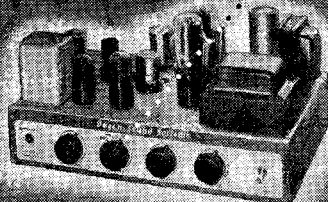
It is in the amplifier department that most of the commercial sets go astray, this enormous magnification being the obvious place for distortion to creep in. Adequate custom amplifiers can be bought for \$30. An excellent one costs \$130. For \$220, several are available which can put Ezio Pinza spang in the middle of your living room. Sir Thomas Beecham comes a little harder, since the 110-piece orchestra strains the speaker.

The speaker, of course, is the bottleneck of the whole assembly. Most old-style cone speakers come to grief when they attempt to mix a combination of high and low tones. During one stroke of a slow, bass-tone vibration, the speaker may also have to produce several hundred high-tone vibrations. One function tends to disorganize the other.

Modern speaker manufacturers, working on discoveries made by Harvey Fletcher and James B. Lansing, pioneers in the field, divide the speaker's burden two ways. A high-frequency horn, with an ultra-thin aluminum diaphragm as its vibrating element, handles the treble tones; a separate big flexible cone delivers the bass. The improvement is astounding. Working back from this find,



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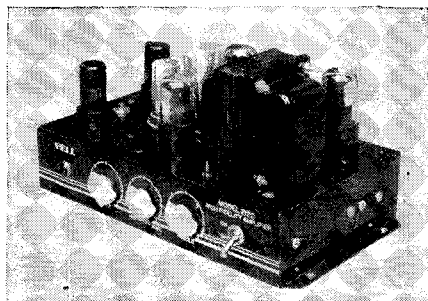
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engineers even have hitched both vibrating elements to one magnetic driving unit, or voice coil, with gratifying results. Speakers of this kind can be bought for as little as \$18, adequate two-unit ones for around \$35, although a real, high-power job costs upward of \$75.

In two-way loud-speakers, the treble horn is known as a "tweeter," for obvious reasons, and the big bass cone as a "woofer." The proper, insouciant use of these terms is essential to a layman who wants to be regarded as a true "hi-fi" initiate.

The speaker is the only portion of a rig which requires any coddling to make it work properly (although a record player behaves best when approximately level, and an amplifier's tubes last longest when it is well ventilated).

The way the commercial set makers cut away speaker enclosures in order to furnish record storage is, acoustically speaking, nothing short of murder. Ideally, a speaker should be set in a wall, with its back open and with no door or other aperture within ten feet. If it has to be cabinet-mounted, the cabinet should be sealed, lined to a two-inch depth with a suitable sound-absorbent matting, and should contain at least ten cubic feet of air space, if possible. If it is smaller, there should be cut in front a bass port, a vent approximately half the area of the speaker. The ordinary open-back cabinet allows the tones generated from the rear of the speaker to leak around the cabinet's edges, bounce off the wall, and arrive — grossly belated — at the confused listener's ear. This is what causes high notes, in most ready-made radio phonographs, to "shatter" and low tones to boom or vanish, canceled out completely.

Audio engineers are largely engineers whose avocation is music, or musicians whose avocation is engineering. A typical product of this talent blend is one of the widest-ranged, purest-toned amplifiers on the market. Developed from an English scientist's basic circuit, it was worked out jointly by David Sarser, a violinist in Toscanini's NBC Symphony, and Melvin Sprinkle, an electronics expert employed by a major audio equipment company. Appropriately, it is called the "Musician's Amplifier." It is no beginner's item but for the adept it yields uncanny tonal fidelity.

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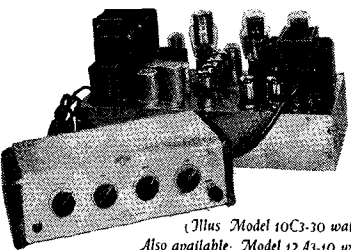
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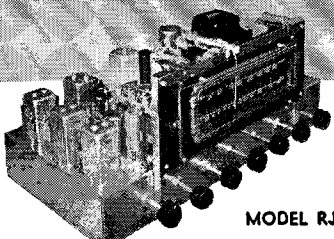
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neering background is Pickering and Company, which means Norman C. Pickering, a youthful Connecticut Yankee whose name is sworn by wherever high-fidelity phonograph users foregather. A musician born into a family of engineers, Pickering followed family tradition into engineering school. Once there, however, he conducted the college orchestra with such vim that he won a scholarship to the famous Juilliard School of Music in New York. Thereafter he played the French horn for three years in the Indianapolis Symphony, running a recording studio on the side.

During the war, when he was working on secret aero-instruments for the Sperry Gyroscope Company, Pickering became disgusted with the only phonograph equipment he could buy to play his large library of recorded classics. When the war ended, and he had established himself in an audio laboratory at Oceanside, New York, he immediately designed one of the first two modern phono pickups to use the variable reluctance principle. He planned to relax with it in symphonic self-indulgence, but his friends badgered him for duplicates, and before long he found himself in the cartridge business.

He also found himself in sudden competition with General Electric, which had barely preceded him in hitting on variable reluctance as an audio principle. This bothered Pickering a little at first, but he was too busy to worry long.

His first year's business (1945-1946) amounted to \$35,000. Last year's passed \$500,000. At thirty-two, Pickering has just put up his third factory

and is branching into other high-fidelity accessories. Among others he is now producing a wide-range speaker in the shape of a corner pedestal, four feet high and ten inches square, built of polished wood and with adjustable bass response.

For the person with a limited budget, \$140 will provide a rig easily able to outperform any of his neighbors' ready-made sets — unless he regularly hobnobs with people who buy \$1500 receivers. For the enthusiast who can afford a good deal more, or who intends to spend it whether he can afford to or not, there is an endless variety of high-fidelity accessories and refinements.

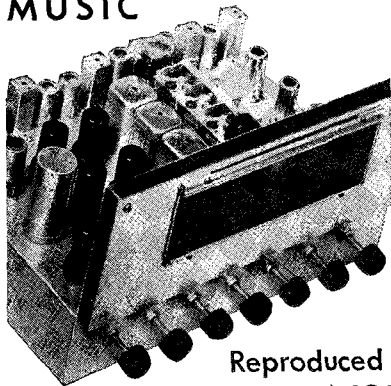
H. H. Scott of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has invented and sells (as part of his top-grade amplifiers or separately) noise suppressors. These, by techniques best known to Mr. Scott, take virtually all the record scratch out of phonograph performance and cost but \$29.50. Several other manufacturers make phono equalizers, devices which compensate for the peculiarities of different makes of records. (Most American companies, for instance, to make up for power drops in standard American amplifiers at mid-treble frequencies, exaggerate these frequencies on records, so that a high-fidelity rig makes them sound shrill, unless "equalized.")

Another attachment compensates for the tendency of the human ear to lose touch with the bass register below certain volume levels, which is why the effect of concert-hall reality vanishes, even on a good machine, when music is played softly.

Here's what high-fidelity custom components would cost: —

	<i>Satisfactory Minimum</i>	<i>The "Best in the World"</i>
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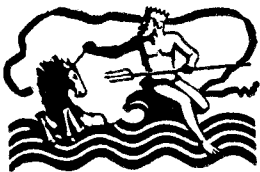
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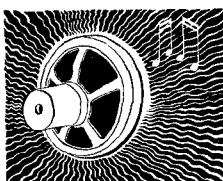
has published ten articles in recent issues of the ATLANTIC about the troubled continent on whose affairs he is the internationally recognized authority. Two of them are included in his new book.

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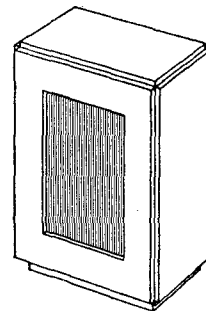
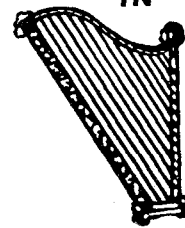
The market in high-fidelity components has expanded enormously. C. J. LeBel, retiring president of the Audio Engineering Society and a manufacturer of audio test devices, thinks it is safe to say the industry has grown tenfold in the last two years.

Individual sales outlets, even while competing with each other, have experienced increases in demand which bear this out. Large wholesale and mail-order radio-parts concerns, which took up the supply burden first, report sales jumps in the last two years of from 100 to 370 per cent. A Chicago distributor, revising its 1950 catalogue to give high-fidelity items 50 per cent more space, blames part of the rush on the housing boom. Architects have found it pays to suggest built-in music systems. A 68-page *Handbook for Music Lovers*, covering in vast detail all the whys and wherefores of home music performance, has been published by one company overwhelmed by inquiries, while *High-Fidelity Music Guide*, by a well-known musician, composer, and lecturer, is the product of another. In Washington, D.C., a wholesaler lent a \$160 two-way speaker to a national testing laboratory and got back, as a surprise, forty orders traceable to the laboratory's scientists and their friends and friends' friends.

The mail-order houses first tried to service high-fidelity fans much as they had taken care of amateur radio operators and radio servicemen, their main customers in the past, furnishing terse instructions, expecting the customer to do the rest. Now, unflatteringly, they make foolproof pre-arrangements. Most companies, for instance, color-code all their rigs' connecting cables. "You needn't even be able to read," they assure prospective purchasers. Moreover, music lovers in most large cities can afford to be color-blind as well as illiterate, since the chances are that within easy range of their telephones is a local custom shop, staffed by three or four remarkably knowledgeable young men only too anxious to move in on them, dissect their budget, and install at once in their household precisely the high-fidelity rig they

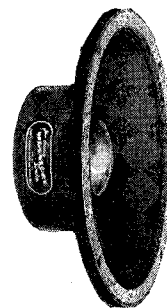


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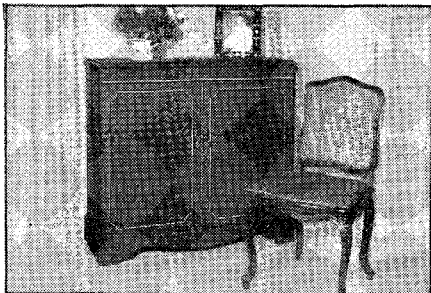
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can afford but have been doing without all these months.

Probably, for the present at least, this is the only way such equipment can be marketed profitably in quantity. Sundry big manufacturers of standard sets have tried valiantly to sell high fidelity. However, when the cost of a cabinet (which had to be prepossessing as furniture) and the dealer's markup were added to the price of high-fidelity components, the result attracted only thousands of buyers, not millions.

Despite this, some such sets have continued to do very well in the high-price console field, and some big-name firms — notably RCA, Strom-

As a service to readers, the Atlantic has arranged to make available without charge the two handbooks mentioned in this article, and other information regarding the equipment. Address your request: The Atlantic, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

berg Carlson, and General Electric — have successfully entered the components business themselves — perhaps with an eye to making a second try later.

It may be significant that in Great Britain high fidelity in ready-made sets is widely available. Among reasons for this, suggests W. S. Barrell, recording director of the giant EMI group (English Columbia and His Master Voice Records), is the fact that in the post-war period the average Briton had no money to waste on unsatisfactory radios. Manufacturers simply were forced to deliver the goods. Furthermore, British record makers went into high fidelity (even in dance music) long before Americans tried to, which forced the pace for phonograph makers.

Europe still has a distinct edge on this hemisphere in recording techniques, most classical disc fanciers agree. However, in the mushroom growth of FM stations, the U.S. is well in the lead. And it is in FM, when live music is played on a local station, that the high-fidelity rig really shows its paces. Listening, by means of a good one, to a local FM chamber music broadcast lately, a Washington musician suddenly grimaced with mental effort. "I must remember," he said, "whenever I play on an FM concert, not to wear a stiff shirt. I can hear theirs popping."



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